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Twenty-third of the Improved Work

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE

OR

MONTHLY CALENDAR,

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS OF

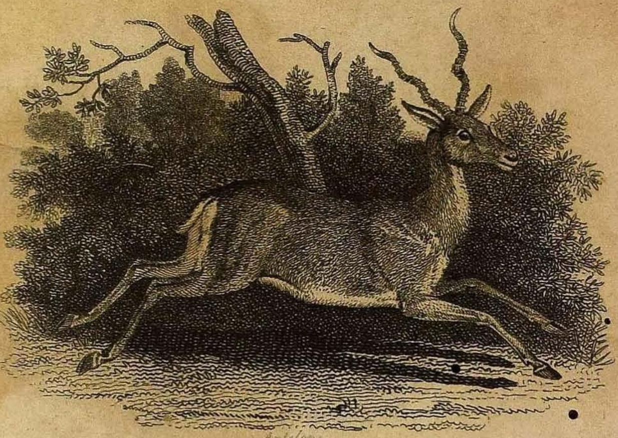
THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other Diversion

Interesting to the

Man of Pleasure Enterprize & Spirit.

VOL. 43.



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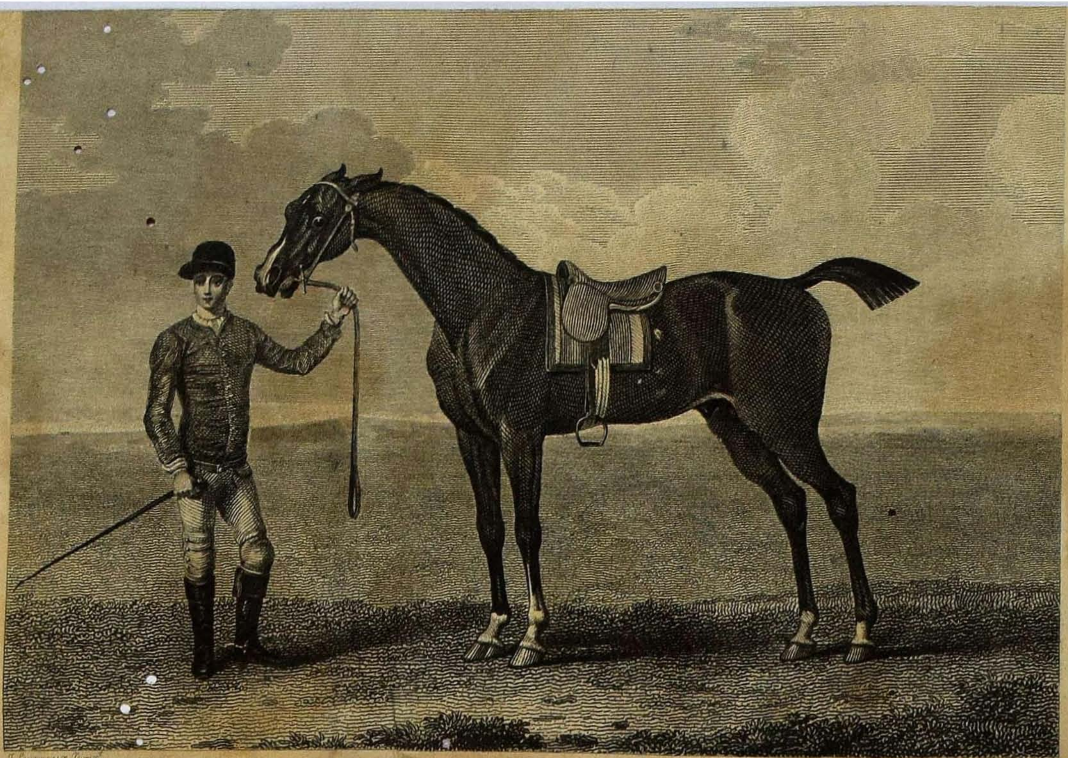

J. Seymour Pinx.

Scott, Sc.

FLYING CHILDERS

THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLIII. OCTOBER, 1813. No. CCLIII.

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RACING CALENDAR 1

Embellished with,

I. *An excellent Portrait of* Flying Childers.

II. Bat-Fowling, *an Etching.*

FLYING CHILDERS;

Painted in 1739 by J. Seymour; and engraved by Scott.

THE elegant engraving of Flying Childers, which embellishes our present Number, is an undoubted original, painted by Seymour for his Grace the Duke of Devonshire, the proprietor of that celebrated racer. The picture remained at the ducal residence in town, and was very lately given by the present Duke to Lord Charles Bentinck, who politely offered it to be engraved for our Magazine.

It will be recollected by the sporting reader, that a dispute lately arose in our pages, relative to the colour of Flying Childesr, which the present portrait will demonstrate was *bay*. At the time this was painted, and by the most reputed artist in England, it is well known the art was at a very low ebb, and the horse portraits of that day serve as excellent foils for the scientific and elegant performances of our Stubbes, Gilpin, Sartorius, Marshal, Ward, and Cooper. There is one great singularity in the picture—*the fore legs of Childers appear to stand under, and the hinder ones from him,* a form diametrically opposite to that which we should expect in a capital horse, and an immense strider, as the portraits of Childers, galloping, shew him to have been.

The wonderful performances of the

the Devonshire, or Flying Childers, are well known, and have been repeated in our Magazine. He is reported to have run a mile within the space of a minute of time; and notwithstanding that vast speed, to have been, in an equal degree, endowed by nature with the quality of stoutness, or continuance. His pedigree is as follows: He was got by the Darley Arabian, his dam Betty Leedes by Old Careless, his grandam own sister to Leedes, by Leedes's Arabian, his great grandam by Spanker, out of the old Morocco mare, the dam of Spanker. Two crosses, with the nearest affinities, will be perceived in the pedigree of this wonderful racer, the performances of which, conjointly with those of his great grandson, and probably equal, Eclipse, of our own times, have thrown those of all others upon record a full distance in the back ground.

☞ It will be esteemed a particular favour, if any Gentleman can give information of a portrait of the Darley Arabian, sire of Childers.

BETTINGS.

BETTINGS for the Derby and Oaks Stakes at Epsom, 1814.

DERBY.

13 to 1 agst Partisan.
14 to 1 agst Lord Foley's Magician.
14 to 1 agst Lord Stawell's colt, by Waxy, out of Pantina.
16 to 1 agst Brother to Sagana.
16 to 1 agst Ramrod.
17 to 1 agst Mr. Andrew's, by Walton, out of Canidia.
20 to 1 agst Brother to Pope, by Shuttle.
20 to 1 agst Mr. Pearce's colt, by Eagle.
20 to 1 agst Mr. Benson's colt, by Eagle.

OAKS.

11 to 1 agst Vittoria.
11 to 1 agst Sister to Whalebone.
13 to 1 agst Mr. Wilson's filly.
13 to 1 agst Duke of Rutland's Selim filly.
13 to 1 agst Mr. Hewett's Dick Andrew's filly.

ADVICE TO PERSONS FREQUENTING BILLIARD ROOMS.

MR. EDITOR,

DESIROUS of being informed upon all subjects within my reach, and having heard something of the frauds of billiard rooms, I was some time since induced to go to one of them. The observations of one visit convinced me that I had a fresh opportunity to be useful. I have followed up what I had begun, and believe myself now able to give you such an account of a public billiard room as you may think very proper to appear in your Magazine. There is little doubt that I shall disappoint the sharpers who inhabit some of these improperly tolerated disorderly houses, of part of their prey; but, what is of infinitely more importance, I probably may prevent the ruin of fortune and mind of some promising youth, who, for want of knowing what a public billiard room really is, would be deluded by the miscreants who frequent it.

Let him then understand that the company to be found there consists chiefly of what are called *Black Legs*. These gentlemen, of easy manners, insinuating address, and genteel deportment, while they

they make the most specious professions of regard for honour and integrity, will, with the greatest *sang froid*, pocket large sums, the losing of which may even agonize the poor dupes who are a prey to them. I knew an instance where a young fellow was pigeoned of 70l. He left the room, but shortly after returned with tears in his eyes, and supplicated the arch fiends who had bewitched him, to restore 30l. telling them that he could repair the loss of the rest, but that the detention of that sum would ruin his reputation for ever, if not endanger his life. They refused to listen to him, till one of them reflecting that the laws of the country might be appealed to, persuaded the rest to sacrifice a part rather than risk the loss of the whole and their liberty; to which persuasion they, with the utmost reluctance, gave way.

My young friend must also understand the term, *playing booty*. If he meets with several strangers in a billiard room, he will probably be invited by a looker-on to bet a trifle, "just to interest the game." The sharper then gives him his choice upon which of the players he will bet. The players then begin to play booty. He upon whom the sharper bets, suffers his antagonist to get the better of him, so that the dupe wins, and he is made to win till the gang find they have got him to the proper pitch of intoxication (the intoxication of gaming, in some degree, resembles that of drinking), and then, whether he bets or plays, they generally strip him. Nothing, therefore, can ensure your safety in a billiard room, but a firm adherence to the resolution not to play for money, or to bet. The patience of the sharpers, in waiting from morning till night, and far into the night, without eating or drinking, and without betraying themselves, watching for their prey, is almost incredible to those who have not witnessed it.

It is still the practice among *black legs* to assume the titles of *Captain*, and *Major*, or even of *My Lord*, though they are sometimes horsewhipped, kicked, and pulled by the nose; and this also for claiming acquaintance with persons whom they do not know.

A man in a public billiard room, if he would be safe, ought to consider every stranger present as a black-leg. His opinion of nine out of ten will probably be correct. I do not mean to say that he should discover his opinion; still he should use the utmost caution in expressing his objections, as it would be distressing to discover that the feelings of an honourable man had been wounded..

In fine, it frequently happens that black-legs are not distinguished from gentlemen, till too late. The town abounds with the former; their skill in play and betting is seldom equalled, and the whole business of their lives is to inveigle the unwary; and should fortune, in spite of all their art, favour their antagonists, little is to be got from the black-legs, their clothing being their whole property. IGNOTUS.

RAINER'S MATCH AGAINST TIME.

THIS celebrated pedestrian commenced his herculean undertaking, to go one hundred miles in eighteen hours, at ten o'clock at night on Wednesday, the 13th of October, on two miles of level turf

at

at Tenterden race ground in Kent. —The umpires have published the following account of his failure:

"Rainer, the Kentish butcher, started on Wednesday night, the 13th instant, at ten o'clock, to perform the great match of one hundred miles in eighteen successive hours. He went off with great confidence, and was backed at odds. He went twenty miles in two hours and forty-eight minutes; he then halted ten minutes, and took refreshment; went off again as fresh as when he first started, to thirty-five miles, and again took some cold fowl and a cup of tea, rested twelve minutes, and went on to fifty miles, quite fresh and well, when a dreadful storm came on, and the rain came down in torrents, through which he persisted in going, although all his friends, and his father with tears in his eyes, used every persuasion to make him give up the match, as a serious injury was certain, as well as the impossibility of his winning; the bad state of the ground, together with the rain, was sufficient to relax the strongest powers of man, yet, from the game, and obstinate manner in which he went on, he was backed at odds, and persisted he could win it, until he came to the last mile; when he came to sixty-nine miles in twelve hours and nine minutes, he fell, and could not rise again; he was seized with a cold shivering, with violent pains, and lay in the marquee two hours before a post-chaise was got to take him home; where he now remains much dejected and constitutionally injured; and the opinion of the medical gentleman who attends him is, that Rainer can no longer reign.

"J. Baxter, } Umpires."
"T. Pain, }

"*Tenterden, Oct. 17.*

Further Particulars. — Rainer did more in his match with Cross, Captain Barclay's man, in April last, than ever was done before, viz. ninety miles and a half in seventeen hours, when he fell exhausted. Cross did the ground in nineteen hours, and a Kentish man, yclep'd Doctor Mills, did it a few years since in twenty hours. The distance was roped round to prevent the interruption of horsemen, and the pedestrian started at ten o'clock at night, backed by some of the London cognoscenti; while Time was backed by a potatoe-merchant, who knew its value. Rainer did twenty-eight miles in four hours, when he took refreshment, and resumed his task with much gaiety. He continued to proceed at seven miles an hour, and having gone betwixt forty and fifty miles, a violent storm and hurricane, which lasted two hours, compelled him to shelter in his tent, although he went some miles in it. The rain made the ground like a sheep track, and the wind was boisterous the whole time of the pedestrian's travels. He stopped again at sixty miles, having performed the distance, including stoppages, in ten hours; and after dosing a few minutes, and eating the leg of a fowl, he left his tent, apparently as fresh and well as when he started, and he was backed to win at two to one, and five to two.

Such was the pedestrian's own anticipation of success, that there were no takers at odds. He lost none of his animation in gaiety until going the sixty-eighth mile, the greater part of which he walked, and he continued to go the sixty-ninth mile at a very slow walk, and having finished it he retired to his tent, twelve hours and nine minutes of his time having expired.

expired. He reclined himself on the sofa, and was seized with convulsions of the strongest kind, which lasted a length of time, and was ultimately removed off the ground in a post chaise, in a deplorable state. The best judges of pedestrianism are satisfied that to perform such a match is not within the physical powers of man; and Rainer is yet the first pedestrian of the day from *one* mile to *sixty*.

Doctor Mills, of whom we have before spoken, ambitious to preserve the honour of the men of Kent, started after Rainer had been beat, to do the one hundred miles in twenty-four hours, but of the result we have heard nothing.

HORSES SOLD AT DONCASTER MEETING.

TIGER, by Sir Paul, (third for the St. Leger Stakes) was sold to Mr. Best for 1500gs.

Amadis de Gaul, by Hambletonian, was sold to Mr. Walker for 250gs.

Otterington, by Golumpus, was sold to go abroad for 600gs.

Lord Belhaven's bay colt, by Master Robert, dam by Highflyer, (winner of the Fitzwilliam Stakes) was sold to Mr. Farrall for 350gs.

Mr. Watt's br. c. by Dick Andrews, out of Tamborine, by Trumpator, was sold to Mr. Walker for 450gs.—Mr. Walker also purchased Cap-a-pee, by Sancho.

Sweet-Willy-O! by Williamson's Ditto, was sold to Mr. Farrall for 450gs.

Banquo was sold to Mr. Forth for 100gs.

Lord Darlington's br. colt, by Orville, out of Nitre, by Precipitate, was sold to Mr. Milton for 70gs.

Sampson, by Sancho, was sold to Sir B. R. Graham.—And

Mr. Knapton sold the chesnut filly, by Dick Andrews, dam by Delpini, out of a Sister to Gabriel, to Mr. Forth.—She is nominated in the Derby and Oaks' Stakes, 1815.

THE DERBY STAKES, 1797.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

PERCEIVING your account of the Derby and Oaks Stakes for the year 1797, given in the last number, I take the liberty of stating, that *Stamford* and *Plaistow*, were supposed to be so far superior to the other colts, that the current betting was 5 to 2 *one* of those won; and which certainly would have been the case had no accident happened; but as the horses were running at Tattenham Corner, the two favourites having the lead, and making play, both ran out of the course, and lost at least two hundred yards, notwithstanding which they were not beat more than six or eight lengths by the winner.—I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

J. W. B.

Oxford, October 10, 1813.

OTTER HUNTING.

AMONG the several sports that are pursued by country gentlemen, there is no one attended with less difficulty than that which is now under consideration. In order to hunt this animal, the sportsman

sportsman should rise at a very early hour in the morning, and repair with his dogs to such brook or streamlet as is the least bordered by holds, such as roots of willows or other trees; and the animals best calculated to pursue this sport are old fox-hounds. It is customary with the otter to visit the margin of the stream at dawn of day, when upon the approach of the canine species, he immediately hurries to the water for safety and dives to the bottom, which is no sooner perceived by the dogs than they forthwith give tongue, while the otter, having remained under water till his breath is exhausted, finds itself compelled to rise to the surface for the procurement of air, upon which the hounds spring after him, and in the event of any dog fastening upon the otter, it will use all its powers of defence, having sharp teeth, and being capable, though but small in dimension, of diving to the bottom of the brook with an hound twice as large as itself. By thus constantly seizing upon their prey the otter becomes exhausted, and thus falls the victim of his pursuers. Should this animal be enabled to find any cover beneath the roots of the willow trees, or other excavations on the banks of the rivulet, the hounds are generally enabled to scent their game above the spot thus resorted to, when they proceed to scratch up the earth and give tongue; upon which, the hunter being prepared with the necessary implements, immediately digs to discover the game; when the otter, finding himself hard pressed, takes once more to the water. This creature, though slow in its pace, has nevertheless been known to run ten miles, in traversing the country from one streamlet to another.

(A Plate descriptive of Otter Hunting, was given in the Twelfth Number of this Work.)

NEWMARKET SECOND OCTOBER MEETING.

(To be given at length in the Racing Calendar next Month.)

ON Monday, the Garden Stakes of 100gs. each, T. M. M. was won by Lord G. H. Cavendish's Eccleston, beating Lord Jersey's Orson, and four others.—Sweepstakes of 200gs. each, D. M. was won by Mr. Lake's Aladdin, beating General Gower's Lodona, and Lord G. H. Cavendish's Cat.—Mr. Lake's Aquilina, 6st. 7lb. beat the Duke of Grafton's Wilful, 9st. T. Y. C. 100gs.—Mr. Vansittart's Selima beat Major Wilson's ch. f. by Selim, 7st. 5lb. each, T. Y. C. 100gs.—One-third of a Subscription of 25gs. each, B. C. walked over by Lord Lowther's gr. c. Aquarius.—Lord Foley's Benedick, 8st. 9lb. received 80gs. from Sir C. Bunbury's Smolensko, 8st. T. M. M. 200gs.

Tuesday.—Sweepstakes of 150gs. each, Ab. M. was won by Lord Suffield's Hocus Pocus, beating Mr. Villiers's Don Cossack and Lord Jersey's Caterpillar.—Fifty Pounds for two-year-olds, T. Y. C. was won by Sir C. Bunbury's b. c. Skip Jack, beating the Duke of Rutland's ch. c. Mustapha and Mr. Lake's ch. f. Aquilina.—Mr. Northey's Curlew, 8st. 6lb. beat Mr. I. Perren's Conceit, 6st. 4lb. T. Y. C. 25gs.—Mr. Thornhill's Historia, 6st. 7lb. beat Mr. Shakespear's Hydaspes, 8st. 7lb. Ab. M. 200gs.

Wednesday.—The First Class of the Oatlands Stakes of 30gs. each, B. M. was won by Lord Jersey's Asmodeus,

Asmodeus, beating Mr. Lake's Seymour.—The Town Plate of 50l. T. M. M. was won by Mr. Batson's b. f. Pranks, beating Mr. Craven's br. c. The Captain and another.—Mr. Craven's The Captain beat the Duke of Grafton's f. by Selim, 8st. 7lb. each. First half of Ab. M. 25gs.

Thursday.—Mr. Terrett's Bluster beat Mr. Eades's Accident, 8st. each, Ab. M. 95gs.—Mr. Payne's c. by Popinjay, 7st. 8lb. beat Lord Stawell's Malek Adhel, 7st. 13lb. T. Y. C. 100gs.—Mr. Lake's Aladdin, 7st. 6lb. beat the Duke of Grafton's Woeful, 8st. 9lb. Ab. M. 300gs.—Major Wilson's f. by Selim, 7st. 6lb. beat Mr. Shakespear's Bobadil, 8st. 6lb. First half of Ab. M. 50gs.—Lord Sackville's f. by Alexander the Great, 7st. 4lb. beat Lord Lowther's Aquarius, 8st. 11lb. T. M. M. 100gs.—Mr. Udny's Emily, 8st. 8lb. beat the Duke of Rutland's Solyman, 8st. 7lb. R. M. 200gs.—Mr. Terrett's Bluster, 8st. 2lb. beat Major Wilson's Spotless, 8st. 3lb. T. Y. C. 50gs.—Sweepstakes of 25gs. each, A. F. was won by Mr. Blake's Miis Whipthong, beating Mr. Crockford's Touchstone and Mr. Batson's Idle Boy—The Second Class of the Oatlands Stakes of 30gs. each, R. M. was won by Mr. Lake's Aladdin, beating Gen. Gower's Lodona and Mr. Batson's Dorus.

Friday.—The Duke of Grafton's Wilful, 8st. 3lb. beat Mr. Andrew's The Corporal, 8st. 9lb. D. M. 100gs.

The race for the first class of the Oatlands, Wednesday, excited the admiration of all present; it was one of the finest races ever witnessed. Asmodeus took the lead and appeared to be winning in gallant style, until within the stand and ending, when Seymour came alongside, and a most admirable display of jockeyship took place between the rival jockies, Buckle, who rode Asmodeus, and Chifney on Seymour; each horse was whipped from the stand in, and the race was won by Asmodeus, half a neck. The Duke of York, who was on a shooting party at Cheveley, the seat of the Duke of Rutland, attended the course each day.

ZOOLOGY OF THE HEBRIDES.

(From Walker's Economical History of the Hebrides, &c.)

A Great obstacle, in former days, to the increase of the stock of sheep in the Highlands was the havoc occasioned by the Fox.—Finding refuge in almost inaccessible holds, these animals were bolder and stronger than the foxes of the low-lands; and no precautions having been taken against them till the middle of the last century, it was not unusual for a farmer to lose half his lambs before Christmas: a prospect which induced him to keep no more sheep than were necessary for his own family. In the year 1764, the gentlemen of the Isle of Skye offered a premium of three shillings a-head for the destruction of foxes; and in the course of the ensuing year, 112 of those animals were destroyed in a single district. A perseverance in the same plan has gradually reduced the swarms of these depredators, and in many parts the fox is no longer formidable.

The goat is a very ancient inhabitant of the Highlands; and no animal is fitter to endure the extremes of heat and cold, or to extract his subsistence from a wild

and

and mountainous country. On the most stormy hills, he needs no housing, no shelter, no artificial provender. Lodging at night in secure and inaccessible retreats, he was safe from the ravages of the fox; and he formed, till within these forty years, a greater proportion of the Highland farmer's stock than the sheep. Though the less profitable of the two for the purpose of exportation, he is not of inferior value for home use. His tallow is equal to that of the sheep; his skin brings a better price, especially when dressed with the hair, to make knapsacks and holsters; and his carcase in the Highlands is nearly equal to that of the sheep. To a limited extent, therefore, the rearing of the goat is still advisable: but it is necessary, above all things, to beware of having him in the neighbourhood of young plantations or natural coppices. He is a browsing rather than a grazizg animal, and crops unmercifully the young shoots of every tree and shrub: while stone-dykes, the ordinary fence for a plantation or coppice, afford no security against his bold and destructive ravages.

Besides the fox, the eagle in the Highlands is said to be a formidable enemy to the sheep-farmer. These birds abound greatly, and are of four different species; the golden eagle, the ring-tail eagle, the black eagle, and the erne or fawn-killer, which is the most numerous of any, and the largest bird of prey in Europe. These formidable animals not only kill and feed on lambs, as well as on the fawn of the stag and roe, but the erne has strength enough to carry them off when they are under four or five weeks old The Commissioners of the forfeited estates having employed persons to destroy the eagles on those properties, the feet of the birds that were shot, and which were all full grown, were packed up and sent to Edinburgh to secure the premium; and, limited as was that extent of ground, the number killed was so great as to show that the injury sustained by the sheep-farmers from the eagle must be very material. The period at which the Highlands were most exposed to suffer from foxes and birds of prey, was between 1745 and 1765; the rebellion of the former year having produced the disarming act, which continued in force during the whole of the interval.

PEDESTRIANISM EXTRA.

FRIDAY, the 22d instant, Mr. J. Moon, of Tenterden, Kent, (a noted man of the turf), undertook for a wager of ten guineas, to run from Tenterden to Hawkhurst, and back again, being a distance of 21 miles, in the course of three hours and a quarter, which he performed in three hours and four minutes and a half, with the greatest ease.

Thursday night, the 21st, Mr. T. Baxter, of Tenterden, started for a wager of 20l. to go from thence to Hawkhurst and back, a distance of 21 miles, in four hours. From the darkness of the night, bets were 5 to 3 against him, but he accomplished the distance with apparent ease, 31 minutes within the given time.—Same day a match for 30gs. between Mr. Longley, of Tenterden, and Mr. Crittenden, of Hawkhurst, which should soonest go from the former to the latter place, was decided in favour of Mr. Longley, who beat his antagonist by half an hour.

RUF-

RUFFORD HUNT.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

AS the Fox-hunting season has again commenced, I trust (as the above has been mislaid till now) it may not yet be thought by sportsmen out of season to insert it, which by doing, you will oblige your's, &c.

A Constant Reader, and an Old Sportsman.

1st October, 1813.

ON Tuesday, the 6th of April last, the well-conducted pack of the Right Hon. John Lumley Saville closed the season, at Wincobank. Among a great many excellent runs, affording as much diversion as any hounds in the kingdom, one in particular is worthy of notice; and that was on Thursday, the 12th of February. These celebrated hounds met at Elmton Town, and tried the gorse, wherein a fine fox was found, which broke cover immediately and pursued a direct line to Scartcliff Park, at a very brisk pace; after running many rings in the wood, he broke out for Langwith Woods, but soon returned to the great cover at Scartcliff, and was lost. After which, as it was rather late in the day, John Jones, the huntsman, trotted off for the Old Hagg and Creswell Craggs; at the Cragg a game fox lay, which was soon roused, and went out at the Low End pointing for Welbeck, but turned short back in a line for Whitwell, which direction he took near to that town, when he turned again to the left, down to Creswell Mill, over Markland Grips, in a line for Bolsover, crossed the Mansfield turnpike-road, to Clown Gorses, re-crossed it to Elmton Gorse, passed through it to Scartcliff Park, which he ran round once or twice, then broke out for Sookholm to Warsop Wood, through the top end of it into the inclosure for the forest country, but turned back to the wood, and went through it, and ran by way of Cathill Wood to Welbeck, the seat of the Duke of Portland, when the hounds were whipped off, at the time they richly deserved their fox; but most of the horses and all the hounds being tired, and several fresh foxes on foot, the huntsman thought it the most prudent step to take, and fortunate enough it was for those that were tired, as they could not get any further, it being with the greatest difficulty they reached Welbeck. Some did not do so. Two were obliged to stop at Holbeck Woodhouse, another was leading his horse over a ditch, and got a labourer to assist with a large stick; others in the ditch up to the backside in water; and such scuffling at one wide drain, that one of the sportsmen was obliged to abandon his whip.

The only two sportsmen that rode severely through the day, were, Frank Mawe, on his chesnut horse Pilot, and T. Mawe, on his chesnut mare Gay-Lass—both by Pandolpho.—Pilot was the only horse that could be called fresh, the mare being a little sickened, after being rode fairly up to the hounds through the whole of the day; and his rider declared to the writer hereof, that he did not feel him the least tired, or have the least inclination to give in.

LITIGATION ON A POINT OF THE GAME LAWS.

Justice Room, Shire Hall, Stafford, Saturday, Sept. 25.

Walters *v.* B. Cotton, the younger.—Same *v.* Edw. Cotton.

THESE were informations exhibited against the defendants for "assisting in the taking and killing game, by means of certain dogs called greyhounds," on the 10th of September, at the parish of Bradley, in this county, without having obtained certificates as required by stat. 52 Geo. 3, cap. 8. sched. L.

The facts were shortly these:—On the day stated in the informations, the defendants (who are two young men under age) went out with their father, Mr. Benjamin Cotton (a qualified person, having taken out a certificate), for the purpose of coursing; they accordingly took an active part in beating across the fields, and in endeavouring to find game, and either two or three hares were killed by the dogs of the father, who had the sole direction of the sport, the defendants acting merely as his beaters and assistants; Mr. Cotton, the elder, protested against every thing like an intention on his part to defraud the revenue; and stated, that he was not aware of offending against any statute, by taking out his sons to assist him in coursing, as he considered himself authorised to do, from the report of a late decision of the Court of King's Bench.

The Magistrates (being also Commissioners for the affairs of taxes) regretted that some means had not been adopted of making the provisions of the statute, upon which the informations were founded, as generally known as possible; but observed, that however severely the law might appear to bear upon such cases as the present, the words of the act were so comprehensive as almost to include every case that could occur.—"Every person who intends to use, or shall use, at any time after the 5th of April, 1813, any dog, gun, net, or other engine, for any of the purposes mentioned in the schedule of the act, marked L. (*i. e.* for the taking or killing any woodcock, snipe, quail, or any game whatever), shall, before he shall so use the same in any year, and every person *who intends to take or kill, or to assist in the taking or killing* any game, woodcock, snipe, &c. shall, before he shall so take or kill, or assist in the taking or killing the same, pay, or cause to be paid, the duty thereby made payable, and shall obtain a certificate as therein stated." And by rule 12 of the same schedule—"If any person shall, after the 5th of April, 1813, do any act for any of the purposes mentioned in this schedule, (viz. for taking or killing, or assisting in the taking or killing any game, woodcock, &c. without having obtained such certificate) every such person shall forfeit and pay the sum of 20l. and be liable to the full duty over and above the said penalty."

The following case, which had been submitted for the opinion of the Board of Taxes, by the Commissioners acting for the Hundred of Cuttlestone, was referred to:—

A. a qualified person, having a certificate, takes B. and C. his footmen, and D. his labourer, not having certificates, to assist him in coursing and killing hares—B. C. and D. accordingly take an active part in beating across the fields, and a number of hares are killed by the dogs of A.—Are B. C. and D. liable

liable to the penalty of 20l. for not having taken out certificates?

Answer.—*The Board are of opinion that B. C. and D. are liable to the penalties for not taking out certificates.**

The Magistrates in the present cases declined giving a decided opinion till a future day, in order to confer with the Board of Taxes, and to consult with the other Magistrates of the county upon the subject.

ACCOUNT OF A LION HUNT, NEAR KAIRA, BOMBAY.

Extracted from a Bombay Newspaper.

THE sporting gentlemen of this station were, on the 22d December, 1812, informed that three lions had been discovered in a small jungle, two miles from Beereije. Immediate preparations were made to assemble a large party, and to proceed to chase them from thence. Intermediately, accounts were received that the size and ferocity of the animals had struck a panic into the adjacent villages—that six of the natives, who had unwarily approached their haunts, had been torn, and mangled, and left to expire in the greatest agonies; and that it was no longer safe for the inhabitants to proceed to the usual occupations of husbandry, or to turn out their cattle to pasture, as several of them had been hunted down and killed. These accounts only stimulated the British Nimrods; and a party of sixteen gentlemen having assembled on the 24th, proceeded to the scene of action, accompanied by a body of armed peons from the Adaulet and Revenue departments.

The guides took them to the precise spot where three of the *Royal Family* were reposing in state. The party advanced with due caution to within a few paces of the jungle, without disturbing the residents. A momentary pause, big with expectation, succeeded. At that instant, three dogs which had joined the hunt, unconscious of danger, approached the very threshold of the *presence*, and were received with such a sepulchral groan, as for a moment " made the bravest hold his breath." One of the dogs was killed—the other two fled and were seen no more.

Presently, a lioness was indistinctly observed at the mouth of the den; a few arrows were discharged with a view to irritate her, and induce her to make an attack on her assailants; but this did not succeed, as she broke cover in an opposite direction, with two cows about two-thirds grown. The party pursued the fugitives on foot as fast as the nature of the ground, newly ploughed, would admit; when suddenly, one of the men who had been stationed in the trees, called out to the gentlemen, to be on their guard. This arrested their progress. They turned on one side to some heights, when they descried an enormous lion, which was approaching them through an open field at an easy canter, and lashing his tail in a

* The opinion of Lord Ellenborough on a similar case, (Lewes *v.* Taylor, East's T. R. Trin. Term, 52d Geo. III.) is directly in the teeth of this decision of the Tax Commissioners—(See SPORT. MAG. for July, 1813, p. 168.)—*Quere*, has the law been altered since his Lordship gave that opinion?

 style

style of indescribable grandeur.—The foremost of the party presented their pieces and fired, just as the animal had cleared, at one bound, a chasm which was between them of twelve feet broad. He was apparently wounded in the shoulder; but nevertheless sprung on Mr. M. whose arm he lacerated dreadfully; and feeling at the same time a peon's lance, he relinquished his first hold, seized the poor man by the throat, and strangled him before the party dared fire, lest they should kill his victim. He was now at bay, but sheltered in such a manner as rendered it difficult to bring him down, when, suddenly, the man on the look-out gave another alarm, and the party almost immediately perceived a lioness, which had broken cover, approaching their rear. The same instant their ears were assailed by the shrieks and yells of men, women, and children, occasioned by the animal crossing the road in the midst of the coolies that were carrying tiffin to the village. A woman and a child were almost immediately sacrificed to her fury. The woman was literally torn to pieces.

This proved not the last calamity of this memorable hunt. The gentlemen, with the peons, left their former enemy, to attack the lioness, who threatened the village. The party, from the rapid manner in which the beast was followed, were not able to keep very compact; and, most unfortunately, four of the collector's peons advanced upon the place where the lioness had lain down. She immediately sprung upon the nearest, and brought him to the ground, and crushed his skull, and tore his face, so that no feature was discernible, and the skin literally hung in the wind. A companion, who advanced to his assistance, she seized by the thigh; the man, in the agony of him, caught the beast by the throat, when she quitted his thigh and fastened on his arm and breast. At this moment the gentlemen advanced within fifteen paces, and as she was still standing over her unfortunate victim, lodged twenty balls in her body. She retreated to the hedge, where some more shots terminated her existence. She had abundance of milk, which, from the novelty, most of the party tasted. Both of the peons died in a few hours. Mr. M. is recovering.

ANECDOTES OF COOKE, THE COMEDIAN.

(From his Life.)

THE boisterous behaviour of Cooke, whilst in America, which was frequent with him under certain circumstances, was a great annoyance to those who lodged in the same house with him, and sometimes produced reproof from the sufferers.

One night at the Exchange Coffee-house, when Mr. Price was out, and Cooke was in a noisy humour, a gentleman, who, in a neighbouring chamber, in vain waited for a cessation of hostilities, to go to rest, at length came into Cooke's apartment to expostulate with him. Cooke peremptorily ordered him out of his room, and called him a scoundrel, and every thing vile he could think of.—The other replied, "Sir, I am not used to such language, and I will not put up with it. Sir, I am a gentleman."—"A gentleman! you are a gentleman. Sam! Sam! bring two

two candles—light them at *both ends*, and shew the Yankee gentleman down stairs."

After a drinking party, a Mr. W. and his friends saying they were going to prepare for a ball, "A ball!" exclaimed Cooke, as they bade him good night and reeled off, "they reel from the bottle to the ball" If ever I have an opportunity of quizzing these Yankies, I'll remember this; I'll not forget the drunken gentlemen in their dirty boots going to a ball! But its just like every thing else in this damn'd country."

He would sometimes exclaim, "I'm preparing a pamphlet—I am noting down observations when men think I am otherwise employed—I'll blow up your managers and your actors, and your theatres, and your blasted country—I can hold a pen—I'll scourge your Yankee manners."

One evening, playing Horatio in the Fair Penitent, he lost all recollection of the part, and stopped the scene between himself and Mr. Cooper, who played Lothario, by what, in theatrical phrase, is called *a dead stand*. It was at one of Horatio's finest speeches, "A wretched crew ye are, &c." The prompter, true to his duty kept repeating, "A wretched crew ye are," and at each repeat louder and more distinct. Cooke looked at him and cried, "Damn you, Sir, hold your tongue." Cooper put his hat before his face and prompted him. Cooke began to laugh, and with such a comic shaking of the body and eccentric turn of the eye, looking at Lothario, that many thought it was Cooper who was at a stand, and a hissing commenced. Cooke saw the mischief he was doing, and immediately stepped forward, and assured the audience that the imperfection was with him, and not with Mr. Cooper; that he had not played the part for a long time, and begged their indulgence. Applause followed, and the play went on with a bobbling gait to the end.

A part of Cooke's property as a tragedian, which had been seized by the American Custom House, under the Non-importation Law, owing to some delay in the necessary forms, was a constant subject of irritation to him, particularly that they should withhold from him the *cups* presented to him by the Liverpool Managers. And one night his introductory speech among his expecting circle, addressed to one of the gentlemen, was without any prefatory matter, "They have stolen my cups." The astonishment of the assembly may be imagined. After making his bows with much circumspection, he seated himself, and very wisely stuck to his chair for the remainder of the evening: but he likewise stuck to his text, and his *cups* triumphed over every other image that could be presented to his imagination.

"Madam, they have stopped my cups. Why did they not stop my swords? No, they let my *swords* pass; but my cups will melt, and they have greater love for silver than steel. My swords would be useless with them; but they can melt my cups and turn them into dollars! And my Shakespeare—they had better keep that; they need his instruction, and may improve by him, if they knew how to read him."

Cooke being told it was reported that Mr. Madison, the President of the

the United States, purposed to come from Washington to Baltimore, to see him act, answered, "If he does, I'll be damn'd if I play before him.—What! I George Frederick Cooke! who have acted before the Majesty of Britain, play before your Yankee President! No! I'll go forward to the audience and I'll say—Ladies and Gentlemen"—Here he was playfully interrupted by Mr. W. who happened to be dressed in black.—"Oh, no, Mr. Cooke, that would not be right in this country; you should say, Friends and Fellow Citizens." Cooke, surveying him contemptuously, cried, "Hold your tongue, you damn'd Methodist preacher," and then proceeded—"Ladies and Gentlemen, the King of the Yankee Doodles has come to see me act; me, me, George Frederick Cooke, who have stood before my Royal Master George the Third, and received his imperial approbation! And shall I exert myself to play before one of his rebellious subjects, who arrogates kingly state in defiance of his master! No, it is degradation enough to play before rebels; but I'll not go on for the amusement of a king of rebels, the contemptible King of the Yankee Doodles!"

Cooke's Biographer is mistaken in saying that his mother died when he was very young. He had certainly reached his seventeenth year, if not more, when she died. She was very like her son; and with a long nose and chin, and an antiquated mode of dress, she strongly excited the idea of Mother Shipton. Her mind was somewhat deranged, and the following circumstance actually took place, probably when her son had left her on a theatrical ramble.

"The Rev. Mr. Harpur, one of the officers of the British Museum, a gentleman of learning and character, was executor to a will in which Mrs. Cooke was left a small legacy. Some technical difficulties preventing Mr. Harpur from paying this legacy till certain legal terms had passed, Mrs. Cooke was incessant in her applications. One morning she called at the Museum, and passed without ceremony into the room, where Mr. and Mrs. Harpur were at breakfast, addressing Mr. Harpur in the following manner, "I know you have murdered my son! where have you hid his body?" Mrs. Harpur, being in a declining state of health, was thrown into a great agitation by this extraordinary greeting, but was soon relieved by the presence of mind of her husband, who coolly told Mrs. Cooke that she should have gone before the Magistrates at Bow-street, and that when they had heard the dreadful crime, they would immediately send their officers, take him into custody, commit him for trial, and bring him to punishment. Mrs. Cooke said he was right, thanked him for the information, and quietly departed. As a proof of the negligence with which Cooke treated his relations, he was once asked by a gentleman, if he had not a relative who lived in one of the narrow streets on the Bank-side, Lambeth. The gentleman knew exactly the degree of kindred, but wanted to discover whether prosperity had rendered Cooke wholly regardless of family connections. His answer was, "I should have an uncle there, but I know not what has become of him." It is probable he never enquired. The relation was his mother's own brother.

THE

THE VIEW HALLOO;

OR,

FOLLY IN PRAISE OF ALL THE WORLD.

No. III.

—— *Idemeus! et sævas curre per Alpes,*
Ut pueris placeas et declamatio fias.
JUVENAL.

Go fool, and rush o'er wildest Alpine heights,
That men may praise, and children vaunt your flights.

Folly Declaims.

I'LL now extend my fond tuition,
For ye, my vot'ries of Ambition:
Imperial knaves with crowns on sconces,
High Kings, and their chicaning nonces.
Churchmen who hide their asses' ears,
'Neath Mitres wrung from rabble's fears;
Nobles who rise by tickling fancy,
Of monarch's strumpet—Jilting Nancy.
Soldiers who pave their way by blows,
E'en to the rabble—whence arose
Troops that have wishes gratified,
And puff'd and blown in seas of pride.
For he that climbs ambition's ladder,
Must be, than lunatic, far madder.
The minds of my ambitious fellows
Are like a pair of blacksmith's bellows;
Which, set in motion, make a pother,
And other folks incessant bother.
'Tis they that purely pay me court,
And yield up feelings for my sport:
For being foes to sweet content,
So are they on chimeras bent,
And make themselves of clouds the spouses,
Whereon they build themselves huge houses;
And is't not charming to believe,
They have therewith good land and beeve?
Since fools have never in such case,
The need to make a large purchase;
Proving mere prickers, choosers, takers,
That may by thousands, carve out acres.

When snug in ground lay *Alexander*,
Mine Asiatic salamander,
Who during conquest wish'd to gammon
People—by swearing he was Ammon:
At Athens one *Demades** said
He was deserving the God-head,
And therefore in assembly voted
That he should rank 'mongst the most noted.
A mighty worthy proposition,
Had it not met with opposition
Of base Athenian, who contemn'd
The thought as impious, and condemn'd
My fool, who had such law propos'd,
To weighty fine and be expos'd.

What have not souls aspiring done,
Of royal stocks like *Phillip's* son,
Which blazon page of history,
That all who run and read may see.
Great Churchmen have ensured their winnings,
And risen high from mean beginnings:
Witness my Cardinals and Popes,
Who 'scaped deserts—the hangman's ropes;
So proud was pauper's son, *Tom*† *Becket*,
'Fore monarch he disdain'd to check it,
For

* This person appeared in the Assembly of the Athenians, and made the proposition that a law should be enacted, placing Alexander at the thirteenth of the supreme Gods, which daring impiety was heard by the people with the most sovereign indignation, wherefore Demades was condemned to pay a fine of an hundred talents, for thus having presumed to rank a mere mortal among the number of the sovereign deities of Olympus.

† This aspiring churchman was the offspring of mean parents, and born in London, A. D. 1119; by his extensive erudition and good fortune, he became Lord Chancellor of England in the reign of Henry the IId, and was also nominated preceptor to the Prince. When Becket attended his sovereign into France, he had a retinue of 1200 horsemen and 700 knights, all maintained at his own charge. In 1162 he was elected to the See of Canterbury, when he resigned the Chancellorship, and assumed all the arrogance of a Sovereign Pontiff, which created great animosity between him and King Henry, which at length terminated in the murder of this Churchman, who suffered martyrdom at Canterbury Cathedral, for which act, as the monarch was deemed chief instigator, he was afterwards doomed to perform a rigorous penance, passing the whole day and night fasting, and upon the bare stones, after having previously subjected himself to a scourging, which was performed by the Monks

For which he got on noddle rap,
And King on bottom many a slap;
While Tom for fame so much was priz'd,
As after to be canoniz'd.
There was great sacerdotal chief,
*Wolsey** whose father dealt in beef;
That never matters minc'd by halves,
But slash'd like dad when quart'ring calves,
Who ne'er would let his pride be put on,
Carving ambition up like mutton;
Until mishap did make him stumble,
And from his air-built steeple tumble.

He who compos'd *th 'Alcoran's* rules,
Was merely driver of some mules,
Until he found all men were fools,
On whom he practis'd as Prophet,
And now is stamp'd—God—*Mahomet.*†

The Poet to his Reader.

On themes like these I could prolong,
The burthen of my present song;
As shall in time be render'd plain,
When next I use whip, spur, and rein;
And gallop with satiric force,
O'er wild Ambition's airy course;
Since many fools of heathen stock,
To this same banner joyful flock;
Whose vaulting spirits strove to run,
'Gainst time, and e'en outblaze the sun;
Or give sound sense a dreadful vomit,
Attempting to stop course of comet.
For there's no foolery surpasses,
The conduct of ambitious Asses,
As will be plain to Reason's ear,
When folly next assumes her sphere.

TIM. TANTIVY.

Roary Hall, near Parnassus Puddle.

A CIT'S *recent* ADVENTURE *in the* MARGATE HOY *that ran foul of the Vessel under* QUARANTINE.

MR. EDITOR,

BEING of a bold, venturesome Robinson Crusoe kind of a disposition, I said to Mrs. Pigtail, "My love," says I, "it has been a hard-working, money-making year, I will e'en treat myself with a voyage to Margate, for my health; and ss these seafaring affairs are dangersome, you may go with the family for a fortnight to Islington." Mrs. P. agreed to this; and as it was necessary somebody should be at hand to look a bit to the shop, and she knew I was resolute, and our lodger, Mr. Lovegrove, offered to be of my wife's party in the country, so it was all arranged, and I embarked on board the British Queen, Captain Dreadnought, then lying off the Gun at Billingsgate Key.

I sat upon the long pole, which makes the ship move; they call it a *till*, I think, but it is not like a *till*, and but for a little fear about the voyage, could have been hugeously happy, at having left all my cares behind me; but confound all the *quarreling* laws of Malta, I say, I have only left trouble to meet death—I thought I had got rid of all my plagues. We sailed with a fine calm wind, and went on so smooth, it was quite a pleasure.

Nobody was sea-sick, and only Mr. Gobble land sick, from having eaten half a goose, and then going to pigeon pye, without taking a corrector of brandy.—Well, Sir, though the wind was very fine, and we sailed very fast, it was dark and dismal night before we came

Monks before the shrine of Becket, who, two years subsequent to his murder, was canonized by the Pope, and honoured with the title of Saint, while the fame which his tomb acquired for the performance of miracles, rendered it in the course of time the richest fane in Europe.

* The far-famed ecclesiastic whose name is thus recorded, was born at Ipswich, and the son of a butcher, but as his pride and aspiring qualifications are already sufficiently known, it would be superfluous to add more upon the present topic.

† This celebrated impostor, who is revered as an holy prophet in many distant regions, did not aspire to any elevated station, till after his attainment of his twenty-eighth year, to which period he pursued the humble avocation of a camel and mule driver.

to

to Gravesend. Now my horrors came on, and I said to the Captain, "Captain," says I, "for God's sake stop here till day-light, or some mischief will happen." But he, like an obstinate sea brute as he is, only laughed in my face, and whistled and damn'd—better for him had he taken Peter Pigtail's advice. In about half an hour, a great big ship, sailing at a devil of a rate, though she was fastened by a rope to something in the water, came bump up against us. The passengers cried and prayed them to stop, and our Captain swore furiously. However, the ropes kept us off from them, and by and by, we got disentangled—when, Lord defend us! we were ordered to bide where we were, because we had broken the *Quarrelling Laws.* I was very well pleased with this, and went to bed in high glee, but when I got up in the morning and heard the rights of the story, my heart died within me. I thought we were only to stay all night; but here we are to be as long as the Devil was in the wilderness—forty long days. The plague, too, is among us. Every man looks in his fellow's face, to watch the coming on of the yellows—the ladies are all in bed already—completely infected. Never was such a wretched crew—provisions will be short—horror, horror on every side. My dear Mrs. Pigtail and Mr. Lovegrove, *you* enjoy the purling streams of the New River and Hornsey Wood, and every blessing, while *I* must die, as it were in a foreign land.

PETER PIGTAIL.

British Queen, Gravesend.

AMERICAN SPORTING.

THE Rev. W. B. Daniel has published a *Supplementary Volume* to his well-known and estimable work, the "RURAL SPORTS;" from which we give the following extract:—

"To Major Hazzard, of Beaufort, South Carolina, the Compiler feels himself extremely grateful, for his communication respecting the sporting, in that part of America. Hinting at our Forest Laws, the Major remarks, 'The Americans have very curious sentiments on this subject. We say, how is it possible, that any nation, would suffer, or consent, that a part of her people, to the total exclusion of the rest, should (under any denomination whatever), claim to themselves the exclusive right of using that, which God, in his unerring wisdom, and goodness, has absolutely, and freely given, for the use of the whole? Pardon me, my good Sir, for these observations! born and educated in this happy country, and having never been in any other, I am at a loss to account for any people's having ever, in the first instance, submitted to such an establishment of things; for I find by your book, few are allowed to enjoy that, which all are fond of, and desirous of partaking.

'As I am giving you some trouble, permit me to amuse you with a description of one of our Carolina hunting parties, which will also enable you to judge of the dogs we want. It may be unnecessary to tell you, that the largest portion of our country is one continued forest, interspersed throughout, and which runs down to our rivers. There are a great number of swamps; in the natural vent of our waters to the ocean, their width vary from half a mile to three; they are thick covers, and therefore complete shelter for all kinds of our game, which are always

ways to be found, more or less in them. A day being fixed upon for a general hunt, all the sportsmen meet at a given point, with their huntsmen and hounds; there are few of us, which keep more than ten couple, but then every one having some dogs, they make a very large pack, when they are all collected: the sportsmen are equally divided, one half going on one side of the swamp, and the other part on the opposite side; they then arrange themselves within gun-shot of each other, and being all armed with double-barrel guns, are ready for the sport, which commences the moment the dogs and huntsmen are turned in; these swamps are skirted, with fine high Pine Barrens, which being open, are famous shooting ground: soon as the dogs enter, the game run out, and are fired upon by the first sportsman they come to, if they then take back to the cover, and double with the dogs in full cry. It is not unusual in one of the largest of our swamps, to drive out of them in one day's hunt, deer, wolves, bears, foxes, wild cats, and a great quantity of wild turkeys, any of which the sportsman shoots as he thinks proper. We never follow one deer, after he has made his escape out of the swamp, unless he is wounded, for there is no running down a deer with us; there being so many, that the dogs, if suffered to pursue far, would soon be divided into a number of packs; but our wolf, we always run down, and as they are very strong and large, they will run from three to four and five hours; if they are not shot in the chase, they come to bay in a thick cover, and always turn their backs to a hurricane root, (a tree blown up by the wind), where they will defend themselves, against the largest pack, their bite being very severe; our bears, foxes, and wild cats, are soon tired, when they always take trees, from which they are shook down to the dogs. The sportsmen particularly admire that part of the diversion, the shooting at our wild turkeys, which fly out of the swamps, whilst our dogs are in chase; they are very large, fly with great velocity, and are excellent eating. It is remarkable that the English gentlemen, who hunt frequently with us, shoot very badly at our large game, and yet will kill the lesser sorts with the greatest ease. I have known a gentleman shoot on the wing, any of our small fleet-flying birds dexterously, and yet miss five, six, and seven shots at deer and turkeys in a day; I attribute this to the agitation occasioned by the velocity with which they pass, and their not being accustomed to them: I have in one day's hunt, seen started forty deer, and ten killed, besides a number of other game. The spoils, after the hunt is over, which is at dark, are equally divided among all the sportsmen, when the huntsmen with their respective hounds, and all the sportsmen, with the strangers, are invited to dine at one of the sportsmen's seats, where a general dinner is always provided, and which the whole alternately find."

HUNTING THE PEDICULUS IN SICILY.

From Irvine's Letters on Sicily, 1813.

"SITTING in the open air," says the author, "in this mild climate, is extremely grateful; and even in town it is usual for families to enjoy that luxury before

before their houses. On such occasions it is quite frequent to see the party divided into couples, one of whom sits, and supports the head of another upon his knee; the former lies along upon the ground. The sitter is busily engaged in hunting for prey amid the hairs of his friend's head, putting the little animals to death as soon as discovered, without mercy and with visible marks of exultation. Whilst the pediculary Nimrod thus pursues the chase, the other party commonly indulges in a short slumber, the gentle titillation of the head lulling him to sleep. Like practised sportsmen, when the game becomes scarce, they give a jubilee to their prey, and the hunter, in his turn, submits his head to the hands of his companion."—Though long laughed at by the English for this practice, the author thinks the Sicilians will continue it till the slow progress of civilization shall have improved their feelings of decorum.

For the Sporting Magazine.

ON VALETUDINARIANS.

HEALTH has been called the first of blessings, yet those who do not enjoy perfect health are not without their gratification.

They have the pleasure of speaking of themselves; because people take so warm an interest in their situation, the smallest circumstances relating to them are of importance. They constantly hear the questions, how do you do? How have you passed the night? Do you feel yourself getting stronger? Is your appetite improved? Each well-disposed acquaintance is full of anxiety about them; takes care that they shall not be disturbed, and that all who visit them shall speak in a low tone of voice. Their life is comforted by the most delicate treatment—covered up close—stretched upon a sofa with a couple of soft pillows at their backs—they never stir out but in a carriage, and when the weather is heavenly. They should bear the same inscription that is sometimes affixed to fine and fragile vases—

"Lay me down softly."

They now and then coax their appetite with a small and tender fowl, an exquisite soup, an extract, an elixir, or some other food equally delicate, a little broth every now and then, a small glass of generous liquor a little and often. A physician was accustomed to insert in his bulletin concerning a sick lady of quality—Her *ladyship takes* a basin of soup *every morning and some* bouillie *in the evening.* In short, Valetudinarians become attached to life in proportion as they fear to lose it, and the more care their situation requires, the more they are pleased with it. If they happen of an odd day to be rather better than usual, they relish life with peculiar keenness: a ray of health drives them headlong in pursuit of pleasure.

It is supposed that such a state of weakness and languor arises from too much sensibility, perhaps from a tender but unfortunate passion, and it is considered as a mark of delicacy. Perhaps this is sometimes the truth. What is often said of persons in perfect health?—that man has the strength of a horse or a lion; he could eat steel—if the world were to be destroyed, he would not be disturbed. If he hears of the death of an acquaintance he treats the informa-

tion

tion with indifference; his health appears to depend on a grossness of frame which dulls his feelings. But what pleasure can he enjoy, a stranger to the enjoyments of the heart? It was said of one of these strong but insensible persons, that man will live a long time: say last a long time, not live, was the answer.

A certain degree of infirmity is useful and desirable. The Valetudinarian is courted by those who hope to be his heirs; no better care can be taken of him than is taken by those who would reap the most profit from his death. A little ill health may be a recommendation in the world.

Sixtus V, feigning himself decrepit, and bowed down beneath the weight of years, found the keys of St. Peter, and was raised to the Papal Chair. Bougamville wishing to become a member of the French Academy, wrote as follows:—"The Academy should elect me the more readily, because my health is so bad, that it will not be long before I make way for another. It is only necessary to look at me to be convinced that I have not long to live:" every thing is easily granted to one who is about to leave the world.

But the best of it is, that those invalids live the longest. A healthy man kills himself by his irregularities. The best swimmers are those who are the most frequently drowned. But those delicate persons are kept, as it were, in glass cases. Death comes to pay them visits, but he does not care to take so miserable a prey.

The Abbe Voisenon was attacked by such severe fits, it was thought he was at the point of death; but the crisis having past, he recovered and got abroad. One day that he had a violent attack, his people sent for the host, but in the mean time the Abbe revived and went to walk. The priest arrived with the sacrament. The servant told him that his master was gone out, but he believed that he would be in to dinner. Some of the Abbe's friends meeting him in his walk, asked him if it were true that he had received the *Viatium?* He replied, that the gentleman had been to see him, but not finding him at home, had left a card.

This state of languor has its bright side. One is more confirmed in their philosophy, loves their home better, values less the world, reads, studies, and enjoys the best of pleasures—those of a placid and well regulated life—the pleasures of habit.

A lady was accustomed to say, that without love life would be nothing worth, and that without health love would be nothing worth. She was in the wrong: there is nothing more favourable to love than that languid delicacy which is a sign and a proof of tenderness and sensibility. Love only shows itself in that state of pleasing languor when one has before them an object which excites love and complacency; the body, says Burke, is thus affected: the head hangs on one side; the eyes more closed than ordinary, turn with a gentle inclination towards the beloved object; the mouth is a little open, the breath issuing slowly from it, and now and then a low sigh; the hands fall negligently by the sides, and this is all accompanied by a concentrated feeling of soft and pleasant languor.

From this description it is apparent that the effects of beauty are to relax the solids of our system; and a relaxation of fibre, if I may

so

so express myself, beneath the natural tone, is the source of all pleasure. There is nothing more attractive than a beautiful and languishing woman. Tell me not of the rosy cheek of Aurora, or the perpetual youth of Hebe. Give me Venus bewailing the death of Adonis, and the pallid goddess of night casting her melancholy shade athwart the earth. A languishing beauty seems to claim our succour and assistance; a lovely invalid is a treasure; the transition is easy from pity to love.

I am not surprised therefore that beauties conceive that they increase their charms by paleness and languor; if the habit of complaining of their ill health become an art, a trick, it is a trick which has been called that of genius. Rousseau was occupying all Europe with his sufferings and his infirmities while he was making pedestrian excursions in the Alps. Voltaire, resident at Ferney, was, if you believed him, always in a dying condition, yet reached the age of eighty-four, preserving all the fire and brilliancy of his mind. Scarron calls himself the Queen's invalid, and enjoyed a pension in that capacity. The fact is, that genius is a sublimated state of the mind, enthusiasm is a fever. The Sybil was agitated by severe pangs when she ascended the tripod.

A person who envied the comforts enjoyed by certain invalids said, "if you should ever take ill, don't be in any hurry to recover."

QUESTION RELATIVE TO THE GAME LAWS.

A Question has recently arisen before a bench of Magistrates in the county of Norfolk, respecting the qualification of a gentleman to kill game, who alleges that such qualification arises from his being the son of a *Clergyman*, who, being in his Majesty's Commission of the Peace, possesses an equal degree of rank with an *Esquire*, and therefore empowers him to confer upon his eldest son, as his heir apparent, a qualification sufficient to entitle him to kill game under the existing laws for its protection.

This question—whether a *Clergyman*, as a Magistrate, does, *ex officio*, rank as an *Esquire*, or of that "*higher degree*," which the Statute requires, to enable him to qualify a son, as his heir apparent, to kill game—is not confined to Norfolk, being at this time under the deliberation of a respectable Bench of Magistrates in Leicestershire, before whom such a qualification has recently been set up in bar of a conviction. It is certainly a question open to elaborate legal discussion. Amongst others, it will necessarily involve these points, viz.

1. Whether a *Clergyman* is legally an *Esquire*, or of that "*higher degree*," required by the Statute of Anne, for the preservation of the game?

2. Whether a *Clergyman*, having been an *Esquire*, is deprived of that rank, *ex officio*, by entering into holy orders?

3. Whether the office of *Justice of the Peace*, enables a Clergyman, as it does a Layman, to confer a qualification on his eldest son, under the Statute, to kill game?

Blackstone says, "It is a matter somewhat unsettled, what constitutes the distinction, or who is a real *Esquire*; for it is not an estate, however large, that confers this

this rank upon its owner. Camden, who was himself a Herald, distinguishes them the most accurately, and he reckons up four sorts of them. 1. The eldest sons of Knights, and their eldest sons in succession. 2. The eldest sons of younger sons of Peers, and their eldest sons in like perpetual succession, both which species of *Esquire* Sir Henry Spellman intitles *Armigeri Natalati*. 3. Esquires by the King's Letters Patent, or other investiture, and their eldest sons. 4. Esquires by virtue of their office, as Justices of the Peace, and others who bear any office of trust under the Crown. But, says Blackstone, "I cannot but think that this is too extensive a description, for it would bestow that honour upon every Exciseman and Custom-House Officer. To those above stated, may be added the Esquires of Knights of the Bath, each of whom constitutes three at his Installation."

It doth not appear from any definition here given, that a Clerical Justice of the Peace is made an Esquire by virtue of that office, and, if he be not, the only question remaining would be, whether, if he had attained the regular degree of an Esquire before he became a Clerk, he could have been degraded from it by entering into holy orders, or demand from it a "higher degree."

We remember a case, in which a man of mean appearance and condition, was called upon to answer an information laid against him for committing a breach of the Game Laws, and nothing appeared possible to prevent his conviction; but on making his defence, he proved himself to be the son of a *Doctor of Divinity*, and which the Magistrates admitted, gave him a legal qualification; they deeming the rank of a *Doctor of Divinity* higher than that of an *Esquire*.

EXTRAORDINARY HARE HUNTING.

Extract of a Letter, dated North Queensferry, October 2.

THURSDAY last, the 30th of September, being the day on which hare-hunting commenced, that sport began here rather in a singular manner. About half-past six in the morning, the pinnace's crew, who were taking their walk at the signal-house, observed an animal which they took for a young fox (one having been killed within a hundred yards of this place last week), coming down the high road for the village, and on reaching the opening of the street immediately above the inn, the supposed fox pointed for the quay nearest to the watch-house, and, to their astonishment, sprang over the pier, took sail in the river, and swam with great rapidity southward. The boatmen instantly *threw off, opened, and for a few moments bayed him from the shore*, but taking to their pinnace, and being excellent at the oar, in a few minutes they gave the animal the *first turn*, and after a spirited chase came up with it, and struck it with their boat-hook, when they were much suprised to find that they had killed poor *puss* in place of *reynard*. There being no dogs in pursuit of the hare, the inhabitants were thrown into consternation at the extraordinary manner in which *cutty* came through the village. The ill-boding omens, such as the sullen croakings and approach of the raven, the melan-

choly

choly howlings of the sagacious dog, the dreary crow of the cock at the dead of night, the significant chattering of impertinent pyets, the meeting first in the mornings with persons of *plane soles, and of particular sur-names*; and above all, that of hares and weazels crossing the road before them, are *warnings* of approaching calamities, which are yet observed by numbers of weak-minded and superstitious persons among the natives in this neighbourhood; and had this hare actually escaped the exertions of the fearless boatmen, it would have been almost the universal belief here that a Lothian witch had been holding her midnight carousal with her weird companions at Inveirkeithing, or some other place in Fife, and being overtaken by the dawn of morning, could not take the air on her broom-stick, but obliged, at all risks, to embark in her egg-shell wherry, to bolt across the sea-green billows of the Forth in broad day-light, for Lothian. Although *mawkin* is positively dead, several here cannot be reconciled to her appearance, but observe, " they never saw a hare ha'e sic lang-grisled lugs, and curled lookin' whiskers, nor sic large round projectin' een, like auld fashioned silver gray-faced watches; nor ony ha'e so uncommon strong banes and lang rough hind-legs, and so switching a fud;" and besides, some observed, " when she cam through the town, ae lug was cocket, and the either ane lying' i' the how o' her neck."

PUGILISM.

TWO boxing matches, between Marten (the Jew) and Lancaster, and Coyan and Davis; took place Wednesday the 13th instant, on Coombe Warren, near Kingston, Surrey, in the presence of more than ten thousand spectators.

The first battle was that between Marten and Lancaster, which lasted *three hours and thirty-five minutes*, and in which one hundred and ninety-five rounds were fought, a circumstance unprecedented in the annals of prize-fighting.

Lancaster beat Marten, in a smart battle at Rickmansworth, twelve months ago, and in this instance they were matched for a stake of 20 guineas, and a subscription purse. Harry Harmer and J. Clark seconded Lancaster, and Jacobs and Puss seconded Marten. It would occupy great space to enter into a description of this battle in detail. Betting at setting-to, was 3 and 4 to 1 on Lancaster. In the first round Marten made play, and planted dexterous hits left and right on his adversary's head, and which nearly closed one of his eyes. A smart return was made by Lancaster, and a rally followed, when Marten was hit down. The round produced first blood from the head of Lancaster. The subsequent rounds were manfully contested for about half an hour, when Lancaster's head presented a frightful spectacle, but he had the best of the battle, and kept the odds in his favour, although in the fifth round he knocked up his right-hand knuckles. There was much gaiety of fighting for the first half hour, when Marten pursued a system of fighting not very amusing to the ring, by pinking and getting away from his man, and when in a close he did not pay scrupulous regard how he got down. Lancaster lost the sight of one eye, and got lamed

lamed in the hand early in the fight, and Marten succeeded in closing the other at last.—Of the two, Lancaster was the best fighter, and he had superior length and strength, and always threw his adversary, or was uppermost. It was half minute time betwixt the rounds, and the men were always active; and with the exception of the shifting, but safe way, practised in the middle of the battle by Marten, it was a manful fight betwixt men of game, unrivalled. In the last half hour Marten became the favourite, his adversary being blind and exhausted; Lancaster could not be brought to time, and Marten was declared the victor, but he was also severely punished, and had more than a hundred heavy falls.

COYAN AND DAVIS.

These men next entered the twenty-feet roped ring, with Painter and a stranger seconds for Coyan, and Jones and Dick Whele for Davis. Coyan was beat by Painter, the Lancashire man, at Margate; and Davis is an athletic candidate for boxing fame, and a navigator.

The battle was most obstinately contested for fifty minutes, but Coyan was beat ultimately. The loser displayed much good science, but the terrific right hand about the neck and head of the Irishman was too forcible to be borne. Coyan had all the advantages of science, and he had the best of the first part of the battle, particularly in left-handed straight hits at the head, but he often lost his temper, and instead of profiting by superior science he went in and rallied, and fought at worst. The winner is a promising pugilist, and has distinguished himself in Berkshire, under the patronage of Mr. G. Keates.

It is supposed there was the greatest assemblage of thieves at the above fights, that ever were collected upon any similar occasion. There were at least forty in a gang, armed with bludgeons, who committed robberies in the most daring manner. If any person attempted to avoid being robbed, by taking care of his pockets when they surrounded him, they knocked him down with bludgeons, or *floored* him, as it is called in the slang language.

ON THE BEST METHOD OF SHOEING THE HORSE.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

IN the last Number of your Miscellany, my attention was forcibly struck by a paper, entitled on the Best Method of Shoeing Horses; and equally so, by the singular letter which follows from a Veterinary Surgeon at Dereham. I found the first, and particularly the latter, more pregnant with panegyric for a certain Lieutenant-Colonel, than principles and science to improve the practice of shoeing horses; you will easily guess the disappointment I experienced upon not finding (as I did really expect) one of those luminous and scientific productions, which are only at intervals allowed to proceed from towering and superior minds, for the honour and benefit of mankind. Oh! no; this anonymous writer begins by observing, that he is afraid many young gentlemen in the sporting world, may attribute the invention of

of the thin-heeled shoe to Professor Coleman, unless like him, they have had an opportunity of reading that gentleman's scientific and ingenious Treatise, on the structure and economy, &c. of the foot of the horse. He then proceeds with an obscure tale respecting a particular old horse shoe, *lately* found in the fields near Brighton, which his great genius has made to resemble the thin-heeled shoe, which is so justly recommended by Professor Coleman. He then concludes, this must be the kind of shoe made use of by our remote ancestors; with all this he endeavours to insinuate that the original inventor of the thin-heeled shoe, was not Mr. Coleman. I admire this delicacy; and the Professor cannot fail to acknowledge his goodness towards him, when he finds the learned author of this paper has found it necessary to condemn the principles and practice of the thin-heeled shoe. Here follows the important description of this very best possible shoe, affirming it to be the only one calculated to preserve the horse's foot in health; it is stated to possess a narrow, plane, projecting surface, exactly corresponding with the inferior edge of the crust. The remaining part of the shoe is concave to its edge, and equally thick at the heel and toe; the narrow plane surface, which is to come in contact with the lower part of the crust, is intended to prevent the effects which are said to arise from the use of the common concave shoe, and the concavity in the web of the shoe, is to prevent pressure on the sole, and the shoe being made as thick at the heel as at the toe, will prevent that inconvenience which is here said to be occasioned by an undue pressure on the heel of the foot. This, we are informed, is the method of shoeing Colonel Bloomfield ordered to his troop when at Brighton; and farther, that it was attended with those advantages which no other system can boast. The Lieutenant-Colonel has since introduced the same practice of shoeing into the Prince Regent's stud at Carlton Stables, and there he again tells us it preserves the horse's feet in the most beautiful condition; and we are desired to remember, that the public are indebted for this admirable system, to the perseverance and mathematical reasoning of Colonel Bloomfield. The sanction and recommendation the practice has received in these stables, which they wish us to believe contain the most noble and beautiful horses in Europe, soon induced the practitioners in the west end of the town, to employ this favourite shoe; well, was it attended with success? no, the grave partisan himself is sorry to allow it completely failed: yet he continues to observe, that the shoe is now employed at the Veterinary College, and he hopes the Professor at that institution will not suffer this great discovery to be buried in oblivion, but to make it the basis of a system, which his comprehensive and steady genius, may hereafter bring to perfection.—Well, then, it must be evident that this strenuous advocate for Colonel Bloomfield's method, remains totally ignorant of the circumstance, that the invention of the seated shoe belongs to Messrs. Clark and Moorcroft, (not the celebrated Colonel), and after the most perfect and patient trial, it was individually condemned by them in practice, and I doubt not, it will be abandoned in the same manner by its present favourites, as frequent failures

lures must arise in its application, if the different parts of the foot are not removed, or preserved according to their situation, and the function nature designed for them to perform; these latter considerations are never mentioned at all, therefore, we may justly conclude, they were either not thought of, or they found themselves incompetent to direct the operation.—This sapient friend to the Bloomfield system, is not satisfied with finding fault with those who happen to differ with him in opinion, but continues with presumption to interfere with the works of him, whose Omnipotent hand has given to every being and thing the most perfect finish; and in no part of natural history can be found a subject so justly calculated to inspire the philosophic minds of men with admiration, as the foot of the horse; every part of its anatomical structure conveys the impression of his supreme wisdom. The horse's foot may be viewed as a piece of mechanism, (which the genius of man can never imitate), intended to preserve its several parts from concussion, during the quick progression of the animal. He tells you it is a vain idle tale to talk of the pernicious effects of heat and dryness, when applied to the horse's hoof; here, then, we must infer that if moisture be applied to the foot, its injurious effects would soon be evident. Then he must consider it a great error in the Omniscient Being, for giving this structure to the hoof of animals, as it is a part constantly exposed (in a state of nature) to the influence of a wet situation. To supply this defect in nature, I should not feel surprised if he were to invent a composition, to be used to the surface of the hoof, to prevent the absorption of the destructive element; if he should succeed in so praiseworthy an undertaking, I would advise him to lose no time in securing (by patent to himself, and male heirs for ever) the great emoluments which would be sure to arise from such a *novel* invention. This neglected, should feel afraid, (as human nature is human nature still) some ignorant and unprincipled man would not only attempt to rob him of the discovery, but share with him its pecuniary advantages.——I am, Sir, your's, &c.

W. Robinson,
Veterinary Surgeon.

Tamworth, Oct. 8, 1813.

ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

I Observed, in your last number, two letters, concerning *new discoveries* of forms for the horse's shoe, not without considerable admiration at the hardihood of the *discoverers,* who could, in such a way, suffer themselves to be held up to the ridicule of those who know any thing at all of the subject, and who, at least, ought to be numerous in a country of horsemen. Surely the fate of Mr. Professor Coleman, who so long permitted the laughable adulation of a whole levy of college youngsters, in this way, ought to be a sufficient warning to others; but *ought* is a term of very limited power, in a country, where laws are necessary to restrain both high and low from resorting to conjurers, and where children's cauls, an infallible preservative from drowning of those who cross the sea, are commonly, and successfully, advertised for sale! So it seems, your Correspondent

dent had heard of one of Mr. Coleman's new-invented shoes which appeared to be a century old!—Poh! how few who have read of the Professor's discoveries, have known the man, or can tell, that he is not one hundred and thirty years of age, this grass—a thing not at all impossible, if we refer to the list of modern Methuselahs.

As to Colonel Bloomfield, his discoveries must need be sterling, genuine, valuable, and last of all, not old but new; if we consider the great and acknowledged capacity, acumen, discernment, and above all, indefatigable attention of his royal master; upon whom, in consequence, certainly no imposition, of whatever species, could be palmed. Yet querulous sceptics, dissatisfied with every thing that does not gee and gibe with stark-naked truth, which you well know, Mr. Editor, from good authority, is utterly unfit for common use in this country, boldly assert, on the testimony of their own eye-sight, that the Colonel's new-invented shoe differs materially in nothing from the shoe of Osmer, but in having, generally, somewhat more width and substance, most of all at the heel. In short, Snape, the King's farrier, and Bevan, of Moorfields, forged shoes in much the same form, and entirely on the same principle, more than forty years ago. But it seems, the Veterinary College has adopted Colonel Bloomfield's shoe—the plain English of which, I take to be, that, as the College, long before Colonel Bloomfield was heard of as an inventor of horse shoes, had found it expedient to give up great part of its original *La Fossian* pretension, of making all horses go upon their frogs, whether or not they had any to go upon, it may of late have experienced the necessity of receding still farther towards the former practice, of which I have spoken, and all this without much obligation to Col. Bloomfield, unless of the honorary kind, a part of the subject on which I have no present information.

But we have lost the enjoyment of much fun on this subject, by the death of poor Price, the Veterinary Surgeon, which happened at Cadiz. Knight-errant like—twenty more, kill them! he had determined to publish a book, as the sequel and completion of some of his *brochures* on the subject, in which he would attack both Coleman and Bloomfield, at any rate, to the utter demolition of the system of the latter; and with respect to the former, he held the original system of the college to be immaculate, and would not at all admit of the necessity of any softening or moderation of its principles.—Never was juvenile, unfledged doctor, warm from the breath of his favourite professor, more ready *jurare in verbo magistri*, more fully fraught with system, all the rest, true or not, well lost, than Mr. Surgeon Price, or Mr. Silk-mercer Price, as Col. Bloomfield's friend and advocate chose rather to designate him. He was absolutely and ever in heroics, in all that regarded his favourite systems, physiological, anatomical, or veterinary—an advocate to the letter, for all the original college doctrines, although an opponent of the professor, either from private pique, or on the score of a presumed backsliding and want of orthodoxy, in that most successful of our veterinary band. Somehow

how or other, a favourite system never wants a numerous catalogue of proofs of its success: and Price had always at his tongue's end, a fluent account of the hundreds of horses under his care, which, without the smallest uneasiness or symptom of flinching, were able to sustain their weight upon their frogs, over all kinds of roads, wet or dry, hard or soft, in one season or the other, without those ample supports receiving the least damage or diminution. With him, it was ignorance solely, and want of skill in the farrier, that all horses, without exception, could not participate in a similar advantage. As to that common disease, a cold, and the possibility of extension or sensibility in a tendinous substance, they were nonentities, impossibilities—and why? The first would jostle with the prevailing doctrine of inflammation, and the other throw into confusion, the whole existing system of anatomy, as taught in the schools! He had an irrefragable mode of supporting his arguments. Being referred to the sense of feeling with the fingers, in regard to the motion of a tendon, he, with a quick and peculiar felicity of manner, cut that argument short with the truism, that feeling might be deceptious, and was therefore not to be depended upon—as though the hand could not distinguish, by the sense of feeling, three apples from four.—The doctrines in question, may, perhaps, have better arguments for their support. Of so exalted a tone was his science, that he declared, should he purchase a racer out of high training, even immediately after a sweat, he would, by choice, strip him instantly, and put him into the most open stable, or even would have no scruple to turn him abroad stripped, the same night, the weather or the seasons being as they might! Had ever Doctors Beddoes and Hamilton, a more staunch, or less scrupulous disciple? It is, however, for the proprietors of valuable, or even not valuable animals, for humanity sake, to ponder well on the probable worth and consequences of scientific opinions and modes of practice.

Readers who shall construe any of the above remarks, to the disadvantage of Colonel Bloomfield, or shall presume that their author has the least view of calumniating that respectable person, may be assured they have formed a conclusion altogether distant from the truth. The Colonel's best interests are rather consulted, in guarding him against the foolery of setting up for new discoveries, where no room seems to have been left for such, and where the scores of new discoveries in the course of the last fifty years, have been aptly compared, by a well-known author, to those important changes made within the same period, in the cock of our hats. Osmer's shoe was an undoubted original, a practical and everlasting improvement upon the theory of *La Fosse.* But we must not degrade Osmer by ranking him with our *new discoverers*, our cock o'the hat men, from the list of which I would seriously advise Colonel Bloomfield to erase his name, if he has in reality ever there inscribed it. I would wish to believe, nay can have no doubt that he, as is asserted, has contributed by his skill and care to preserve the feet of the Prince's horses in the soundest possible state, all which may very well

well have happened, without, at any rate, putting his inventive faculties to the rack.

There is, however, one tenet of the Colonel, in which neither sound theory nor long experience, will permit me to agree. He is said to maintain, that the frog of the horse's foot ought invariably to be prevented by art, that is by the shoe heels, from touching the ground, being thence always in danger of bruises and lameness.—So far is this from known and well established truth, that a horse can scarcely have a better quality, than the natural ability of finding the best and surest of all supports in his frogs; which, and their position leaves no room for dispute, are the best possible support of his tendons. In the mean time, it is an unfortunate fact, that few horses in this country, to begin with the best method of shoeing from their colthood, have frogs either of sufficient substance, or sufficient hardiness, for such use. Thus, all horses which nature has clearly enabled to use the support of their frogs, should be provided with shoe-heels sufficiently low, in order that their frogs may have full and free liberty to rest on the ground—*to press it, rather than to receive fashionable pressure from it.* Or, more properly, the shoe being level through its circumference, the frog, suffered to retain its utmost growth, will also find its fair level upon the earth. As comparatively few road horses will admit of being thus shod, Colonel Bloomfield will, at last, have the majority to shoe in the ancient mode, of defending by a somewhat more substantial shoe-heel, the quarters and frog.—I have the honour to be, Sir, your most obedient servant, SENEX ET PRACTICUS.

ANECDOTES.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

THE two following anecdotes of eminent persons, I desire, with your approbation, to put on record, in your entertaining Miscellany, whither the collectors of posterity will, no doubt, turn their attention, as to a prime resource; and I remain, Sir, your obedient humble servant,

AN OBSERVER OF THE TIMES.

Isleworth.

The old Duke of Cumberland, uncle to his present Majesty, being at the head of the British in Germany, one day rode suddenly up to a party of the troops, and dismounting, gave his horse to a young officer of foot, next him, Ensign G——, saying to him—"Soldier, hold my horse." The young fellow, an ignorant, priggish coxcomb, took the Duke's mode of address in high dudgeon, and laying hold of the bridle, with a sullen air, muttered—"Soldier! your Highness?" On which the Duke turning his head, and looking full in the young man's face, retorted—"Why then, officer, and no soldier, hold my horse."—Related by Lieut. Herring, a bye-stander and ear-witness.

The following anecdote of John Wilkes, never before published, was related a few years since, by Mr. Horne Tooke, in one of his merry moods, to several of his old friends. Whilst Wilkes was driving hard at the business of his subscription, and before any cash could be forthcoming, patriotism was frequently at a loss for its needful support, and the only resource was in the pockets of friendly individuals; which, at last,

became

became quite exhausted, with the exception of one person, whom the patriot, as a desperate stake, was resolved to try. This person, a member of the Common Council, very rich and penurious, but a flaming Wilkite, had lately retired from trade to the neighbourhood of Edmonton. He had an only daughter, on whose education he much prided himself, for being uneducated, and having conceived a most exalted notion of classical learning, of which he had heard so much, he determined his daughter should learn Latin. Latin school books were in consequence ordered from London, and the usher of a neighbouring school was to attend the young lady. This made a schism in the family, for the mother, strongly attached to John Wesley and the Tabernacle, and equally ardent in her resolution with the father, determined to make a saint of her daughter, and to inspire her with all possible contempt for heathenish Latin. Wilkes repaired to the country house of the old gentleman, by appointment, but to his utter astonishment, found not one single member of the family to receive him, nor even any orders respecting him, left with the servants. He however alighted, with intention of waiting their return. An hour passed, and patience, for any extraordinary share of which he was never remarkable, entirely forsook him; spleen, and the desire of being even with the old man, assuming its place. He had heard of the profound kind of education intended for Miss, and quite in the fidgets, sometimes sauntering about the room, then looking eagerly at the window, as the devil would have it, he next opened a book which laid upon a writing table. It proved to be a Latin school book belonging to Miss. The first page he chopped upon, put a wicked thought into his head, at the same time full of that extravagant oddity, for which he was at times so famous. He found three words, from which with a pen-knife, he erased the first syllables, namely, *pos*, *dis*, and *di*, in a very neat manner, rubbing the erasures carefully with pounce, and substituting a very neat black line for each, so that the remaining monosyllables appeared to stand quite in form, and in their place, as they ought. Having achieved this notable scheme of revenge upon the old man, for whose absence and breach of appointment, he knew very well how to account, he departed without leaving a word. Most unfortunately for the young lady, her mother first took up the book, already so much the object of her aversion, when, casting her eyes over two pages, *widely turned down*, her astonished sight came in full contact with three words, most truly of astounding import. It is impossible to describe the confusion and rage, which at once took possession of her; she threw the book at the head of her equally astonished husband, and accused him of the infamous attempts to corrupt the morals of his own daughter; vowing Mr. Wesley, nay, the whole parish should know it. Waxing a little cool, she, with an averted look, ventured to point out the unholy words, and the old man's astonishment was increased a thousand fold. In fine, the Latin scheme was abandoned, Miss was at once deprived of that, which in due time was to have formed the most splendid part of her education, and John was instantly sent to town, with the returned parcel,

and

and a letter to the bookseller, couched in the severest terms, with a threat of prosecution, for selling indecent and improper books. The bookseller was thunderstruck, and quite unable to make any answer to his customer, until nearly a week afterwards, when Parson Horne accidentally coming into his shop, and being informed of the business, and taking up, by chance, the right book, unravelled the mystery, nearly at the risk of bursting his ribs with laughter. *The book, at this moment, with Wilkes's notable corrections, remains in the hands of a gentleman, to whom the bookseller presented it, with a history of the transaction, names and dates, upon one of the spare leaves; and may probably, some years hence, have its share in furnishing food for bibliomania, at a high price.* Horne came to the knowledge of the author, and the circumstances of the whole affair, by relating his share in it at a public dinner.

SALE OF THE LATE SIR H. V. TEMPEST'S STUD,

At Doncaster, Wednesday, Sept. 29.

(SOLD BY MR. KINGSTON.)

BROOD MARES.

1. A Bay Mare, aged, by Drone; dam by Young Marsk, out of Gentle Kitty.—Stinted to Hambletonian.—Sold to Mr. Rutter for 25gs.

2. A Bay Mare, foaled in 1804, by Patriot, dam by Phenomenon, out of Czarina, by Babram-Blank.—Stinted to Shuttle.—Mr. Loftus for 20gs.

3. A Bay Mare, foaled in 1803, by Hambletonian, out of Lopcatcher, by Young Marsk.—Stinted to Sorcerer.—Mr. Bamlet for 106gs.

4. A Bay Mare, foaled in 1805, by Hambletonian, out of Lady Sarah, by Fidget.—Stinted to Sorcerer.—Mr. Butler for 310gs.

5. A Bay Mare, foaled in 1807, by Shuttle, out of Lot 1.—Stinted to Sorcerer.—Mr. Raine for 52gs.

6. A Brown Mare, aged, (Deceiver's dam) by Trentham, out of a Sister to Drone, by Herod.—Stinted to Shuttle.—Mr. Haffenden for 12gs.

TWO-YEAR-OLDS.

7. A Bay Colt, by Shuttle, out of Lot 4.—Duke of Leeds for 360gs.

8. A Bay Colt, got by Hambletonian, dam by St. George, Antæus, out of Legerdemain's dam.—Sir B. R. Graham for 210gs.

9. A Bay Colt, by Hambletonian, dam by Overton, Windlestone, out of Cardinal York's grandam.—Mr. Forth for 150gs.

10. A Bay Colt, by Hambletonian, out of Lot 2.—Mr. Steel for 23gs.

11. A Bay Filly, by Shuttle, out of Lot 1.—Mr. Lockley for 26gs.

12. A Chesnut Filly, by Shuttle, out of Lot 3.—Mr. Beckwith for 95gs.

ONE-YEAR-OLDS.

13. A Bay Colt, by Shuttle, out of Lot 1.—Mr. Theakston for 95gs.

14. A Chesnut Colt, by Hambletonian, dam by Pipator, out of Beatrice, by Sir Peter.—Duke of Leeds for 245gs.

15. A Bay Filly, by Shuttle, out of Lot 2.—Mr. Denham for 35gs.

16. A Brown Filly, (Sister to Pope) by Shuttle, dam by Oberon,

Stride,

Stride, out of a Sister to Sharper, by Ranthos.—Mr. Burke for 86gs.

17. A Chesnut Filly, by Hambletonian, dam by Cockfighter, out of Shuttle's dam.—Mr. Acred for 26l. 5s.—Private sale.

FOALS.

18. A Black Colt, by Hambletonian, out of the dam of Lot 16. —Mr. W. Wilson for 72gs.

19. A Chesnut Colt, by Shuttle, out of Lot 3.—Mr. Uppleby for 21gs.

20. A Bay Filly, by Shuttle, out of Lot 4.—Mr. Baker for 51gs.

21. A Bay Filly, by Hambletonian, out of Lot 5.—Mr. Wood for 14gs.

Amount—2134l. 13s.

Sale of the improved Short-Horned Cattle, belonging to the late Sir H. V. Tempest, Bart. which were sold on Tuesday, Oct. 5, 1813, at Wynyard, near Stokesley.—(Sold by Mr. Kingston.)

COWS.

1. Princess, 13 years old, by Favourite; her dam by Favourite.—Sold to Mr. Wood, of Close, for 36gs.

2. Anna Boleyne, ten years old, by Favourite, out of Lot 1.—Mr. Mills, of Ferrybridge, for 76gs.

3. Elvira, eight years old, by Phenomenon, out of Lot 1.—Mr. I'Anson, of Darlington, for 96gs.

4. Trinket, six years old, by Phenomenon, out of Old Tragedy, Mr. Parrington, of Middlesbrough, for 45gs.

5. Paroquet, four years old, by Wynyard, out of a Cow bought of John Porritt, Esq.—Mr. R. Wilkinson for 52gs.

6. Nell Gwyn, four years old, got by Phenomenon, out of Princess, Lot 1.—Mr. John Wood, near Durham, for 68gs.

7. Alexina, four years old, got by Phenomenon, out of Anna Boleyne, Lot 2.—Mr. Vansittart for 41gs.

8. Tulip, four years old, got by Phenomenon, out of Tragedy.—Mr. Mills, of Ferrybridge, for 87gs.

9. Calista, three years old, by Comet, out of Cora.—Mr. Mills, of Ferrybridge, for 112gs.

10. Trifle, three years old, got by Phenomeuon, out of Tragedy. Mr. Vansittart for 27gs.

11. Peg Woffington, three years old, by Wynyard, out of Princess, Lot 1.—Mr. Vansittart for 27gs.

12. Angelina, three years old, by Phenomenon, out of Anna Boleyne, Lot 2.—Mr. Wood for 63gs.

13. Red-Rose, six years old, by Phenomenon, out of a Cow got by Mr. Thomas Burdon's Bull.—Mr. Dobson for 36gs.

HEIFERS.

14. Young Tragedy, two years old, by Wynyard, out of Old Tragedy, (who died in 1813).—Mr. Bower for 70gs.

15. Matchless, two years old, got by Phenomenon, out of Matron, (who was killed for the house in 1813.)—Mr. Hutchinson for 40gs.

16. Artless, one year old, got by Wynyard, out of Anna Boleyne, Lot 2.—Sir B. R. Graham, Bart. for 56gs.

17. Helen, one year old, by Wynyard, out of Elvira, Lot 3.—Mr. Cook for 71gs.

HEIFER CALVES.

18. Patch, got by Wynyard, out of Mr. J. Porritt's cow.—Mr. R. Wilkinson for 11gs.

19. Careless, by Wynyard, out of Calista, Lot 9.—Mr. Bower, of Welham, near Malton, for 54gs.

20. Peeress, got by Wynyard, out

BAT FOWLING.

Published October 30th 1813, by J. Wheble, 18. Warwick Square, London.

out of Red-Rose, Lot 13.—Mr. Smith for 16gs.

BULL CALVES.

21. Noble, by Wynyard, out of Nell Gwyn, Lot 6.—Mr. Jackson for 51gs.

22. Albion, got by Wynyard, out of Anna Boleyne, Lot 2.—Rev. G. Barrington for 52gs.

23. Pilot, by Wynyard, out of Princess, Lot 1.—Mr. Wood for 42gs.

BULLS.

24. Wynyard, 7 years old, by Phenomenon, out of Princess, Lot 1.—Mr. Mills, of Ferrybridge, for 210gs.

25 Wellington, one year old, by Wynyard, out of Alexina, Lot 7.—Mr. Wood for 71gs.

Total amount, 1618l. 10s.

Total amount of brood mares, cattle, &c. 3752l. 3s.

BAT-FOWLING.

IN the first Number of our last volume, we gave a description of Bat-fowling; the perusal of it, caused a correspondent to hand to us a slight sketch of this ancient amusement, and from which the present Engraving has been executed for the approbation of our readers.

PEDESTRIANISM.

A Man of the name of Gossling, started on Monday evening, the 18th instant, at Ashford, Kent, to go one hundred miles in eighteen hours, for 50gs. The pedestrian did seventy miles in fourteen hours, which was a part of his contract, and was beat by time.

A Lincolnshire yeoman undertook on Saturday, the 9th instant, for a wager of 200gs. to go forty-eight miles in twelve hours, for twelve successive days; he completed his Herculean task about six miles from Melton Mowbray. He appears to have been much distressed on the eighth day of his journey, but he recovered and won the match by extraordinary resolution and power.

On Tuesday, the 21st ult. a pedestrian match was performed against time at Worcester, by Mr. Hobro, of the Holly Bush, in that city, who is at the age of sixty-six years; having engaged to walk from Worcester to Kempsey, and back again, for a wager, a distance of eight miles in two hours, which he performed in six miles and a half under the given time.

On Monday evening, the 27th ult. the long-pending foot-race between the Lancashire Shepherd and Robert Smith, of Cononley, near Skipton, better known by the name of *Bob-o'-Coats*, was decided at Lanshaw Bridge, near Colne. The distance was four miles. Odds at starting were in favour of the Shepherd. Bob *finessed* so well with his antagonist as to draw the Lancashire gentleman into deep betting, which, when done, he flew like an arrow from a bow, and left his competitor far behind. Some time back, Bob ran against the same person for a trivial sum, and suffered himself to be beaten, which instigated the present match, and which the Lancashire sportsmen now call "*a Yorkshire fetch.*" The number of spectators was immense.

R. Lewis, an inn-porter, residing in Wharton-court, Holborn, undertook, for a wager of 50gs. to go forty miles a-day, for seven successive days, which he completed on Tuesday night, the 26th inst. He came in in good spirits, apparently but little fatigued by his exertions.

FEAST OF WIT.

A Prisoner at the bar of the Old Bailey, during the last Sessions, was addressed by his mother in a passionate tone in the following words:—"O, John! what will become of you?"—"I don't know," answered he dryly, "*I am now trying.*"

LIBEL.—A person having said in public he could *produce that which would hang* a man who was well known to the company present, he was threatened with an action for a libel, and actually received notice of prosecution, but by going to an Attorney, and *producing a rope* in verification of his words, proceedings were stayed.

A LADY, highly *rouged*, while sitting to a painter for her portrait, complained that his colours were not sufficiently lively.—"Madam!" said he, "You will confer a particular favour, if you will tell me where you purchase yours."

ONE of the *trainers* at Newmarket was found fault with by a confederate, that he did not bring his horses in a good condition to the post; that they were not *fit to win.* "No," said he, "but I know when they are *fit to lose*, which is better."

A GENTLEMAN being asked his opinion as to the dress of our modern *belles*, replied, he could find no fault with the *dress*; the *want* of it only was to be complained of. This reminds us of a worthy *friend*, who, on being jocosely asked by a lady for a sentiment, replied, "Thou knowest it is not our custom to drink toasts, but I'll give thee, a *speedy return to thy absent handkerchief!*"

A LINEN-DRAPER lately placed a label on his window, offering to sell his goods under *prime cost.* One of his creditors said, "he was an extraordinary fellow, and offered to perform *impossibilities—for he never paid a farthing for the goods himself.*"

FOX HUNTING.—A Gentleman who was endeavouring to follow the pack upon a very lean old horse, was pitied by a friend lest he should not be able to see the hounds. "Oh," said he, "so much the better, for if they were to *see my horse* there is no knowing what might happen."

IN a conversation upon the Theatres, it was naturally remarked that the Manager of Covent-Garden Theatre had produced a large crop of Performers, to the number of ten; when a young Clergyman observed, "he should like to be Rector of the parish, provided *Rosina* (Miss Mathews) fell to his share as the tithe."

IT is reported that a man in Bedlam made these observations:—"We, that are kept here, are *only* called mad because our madness does not happen to agree with

with that of the rest of the world. Every body thinks his neighbour mad, if his pursuits happen to be opposite to his own. His neighbour thinks the same of him—but then their two kinds of madness do not interfere with each other. Now and then there comes an eccentric man, who thinks them all mad—him they catch and lock up. That's my case."

A PERSON, of the name of Arthur Gun, delivered the report of a transaction to his employers, concluding with the words—"This is the *report* of *A. Gun*." The falsehood of this being afterwards developed, they agreed that it authorised them to dismiss him from their employment, which was done in the following words, subjoined to such statement:—"*Discharge A. Gun*, for making a *false report*."

EPIGRAM ON A MEDICAL SPORTSMAN.

As a Sportsman, no wonder that Gradus has skill:
For you know, my good, Sir, he is "*licenc'd to kill!*"
W—b—n.

THE author of a new farce, who was waiting impatiently to know its fate, asked a friend just come from the performance, how it went off? "Why," said the other, "when I left the house, the boxes were all *in tiers!*"

A BANKER'S clerk, complaining to his friend that a lady, to whom he had long *paid* his addresses, and by whom they were at last *accepted*, had on the appointed day of marriage, unaccountably refused him—"Why," cried his friend, "she has *dishonoured* you, I *protest!*"

"OH! my dear," cried the fat spouse of a citizen, as she was bundling along with her babies after a long walk, "how shall we ever *get on?*"—"Very well," anwered her good man; "for don't you see we are coming to a *stand?*"

EPITAPH ON A CELEBRATED COAL-HEAVER.

Cease to lament his change, ye just:
He's only gone from "*dust to dust!*"
W—b—n.

From the Ipswich Paper.—Wanted, a servant that understands both in and out-door work; he must be good-natured, clean in his person, willing and obliging, and possess every inclination to what is right, and make his master's interest his own; he is to take care of, and drive a chariot and pair of horses, and to do ample justice thereto, in feeding, grooming, and cleaning harness, and, in travelling, to guard against that barbarous iniquity too frequently practised, to see his master's horses have their corn in their bellies (seeing is believing), and he must not be given to change, and whether in or out of livery, optional, provided he will be equally well rigged in his clothes and dressing. Wages in either way equalized; the more explicit his character from his last place, the better. About forty years of age, of light weight (understanding the sideboard).—N. B. Only one kept in the in-door line, and only one master.—Enquire of the printer.—Letters, post-paid.

Ipswich, Sept. 18, 1813.

ANSWER TO THE ABOVE ADVERTISEMENT.

I've read your proposals, and I think I can see
Your place at all points I shall suit to a T.:
I'm reckon'd good natur'd, my comrades all say

They

They ne'er knew that I did ill humour display!
I can stay in the house, if I'm wanted, if not,
I can work in the garden, and handle a pot;
I'm clean in my person, obliging and willing,
But my eyes, I am told, are engaging and killing!
My master I ne'er would allow to be cheated,
I'd do what was right, and I'd not be defeated:
In horses you'll find, I've the greatest delight,
I'd take special care to do all that is right.
I've found out a varnish, that's sure to display
More gloss than the blacking of Martin and Day.
I'll see that the corn and the hay is well eat,
I'll guard against those who are ready to cheat;
I'm not apt to change if my master I like,
Without loss of time I the bargain will strike—
Whether rigg'd in fine clothes, of blue, orange, or brown;
I care not a brush, if I live in a town;
Or any where else, and whoe'er me engages,
I trust they'd be ready to pay me my wages.
The character likewise will bring no disgrace,
Which I had seven years in my master's old place;
I think I am nearly the standard in weight,
I am warp'd in the back—but I'm otherwise straight;
One master's enough in one house, there's no doubt,
If more, I'm determin'd all others to scout.
If you think what I've said will be quite to your mind,
My abode is at Bath—and my name you will find
Is Timothy Williams—my family's blind.

Cherry, the celebrated comic actor, having been solicited very warmly to join the company of a manager, who had on some occasion treated him rather scurvily, sent him word that he had been *bit* by him once, and he was resolved he should not have *two bites at a Cherry.*

A foppish fellow, who had no apparent mode of making out a livelihood, was asked how he contrived to exist?—"By my *wits*," said he.—"Faith, then," said the interrogator, "you must live almost for *nothing*."

A Country Gentleman inquiring the reason why *Bedlam* was removed from Moorfields, a person in company said, he believed the old hospital had grown as *crazy* as its inhabitants.

Mrs. Martyr's letter, the morning after Miss Young's marriage to Mr. Pope:—

"Dear Madam—Permit me to be one of the first in offering congratulations. I have no doubt of your happiness; for, I will *confess*, that, if his *Holiness* had attacked me, I should not have had the resolution, as good a Protestant as I am, to die A. Martyr."

ANSWER.

"Dear Madam—Accept my best thanks for your congratulations. This is not an hour for criticism. But I will softly whisper to my friend, that *Pope's Essays* are in perfect harmony with *Young's Night Thoughts.*—Your's, &c.

"E. Pope."

At a late trial at Mullingar, Counsellor M'Nally examining a witness, asked him if ever he had been tried for sheep-stealing, to which the witness replied in the negative. He next asked him, "Do you know any sheep-stealers?" To which the fellow answered, "I have seen a great many, but never saw one *so ugly as you.*"

A country gentleman attended a late trial at the Old Bailey, just as a clever young Barrister was

cross-

cross-examining a notorious swindler; "He's a *sharp* one," said he, pointing to the lawyer—"But," said his friend, pointing to the witness, "he's a *sharper!*"

A *General Officer*, who was very fat, being observed at the head of his men, who were very thin, it was remarked, "that he carried the provisions of the whole regiment."

A REVEREND Divine, but apparently an unskilful astronomer, having lately read for a text the first clause of the 10th chap. of Joshua, introduced the subject by informing his auditory that the sun had three *motions*—the first, diurnal—the second, yearly—and the third, that mentioned in the text "and the sun *stood still!*"

A SILLY talkative fellow, who had one evening, at the Mitre, pestered Dr. Johnson with his senseless babble, suddenly exclaimed, "I sometimes fear I shall go *mad*:"—"Sir," replied the Doctor, "you have *no reason* to fear that."

GENUINE letter from a sailor on his return from an Indian voyage:

"Warren Hastings East Indymun, off Gravesend, March 24, 1813.

"DEAR BROTHER TOM—This cums hopein to find you in good health as it leavs me safe anckor'd here yesterday at 4 P. M. arter a pleasant voyage tolerable short & few squalls.—Dear Tom—hopes to find poor old father stout, and am quite out of pig-tail. Sights of pig-tail at Gravesend, but unfortinly not fit for a dog to chor.—Dear Tom, Captain's boy will bring you this, and put pig-tail in his pocket when bort. Best in London at the black boy in 7 diles, where go—acks for best pig-tail—pound a pig-tail will do, and am short of shirts.—Dear Tom, as for shirts ony took 2 whereof 1 is quite wored out, and tuther most, but don't forget the pig-tail, as I a'n't had a quid to chor never sins Thusday. Dear Tom, as for the shirts, your size will do, only longer.—I liks um long—get one at present; best at Tower-hill, and cheap—But be perticler to go to 7 Diles for the pig-tail at the black boy, and Dear Tom, acks for pound best pig-tail and let it be good—Captain's boy will put the pig-tail in his pocket, he likes pig-tail, so ty it up—Dear Tom, shall be up about Monday, there or thereabouts—Not so pertickler for the shirt, as the present can be washed, but don't forget the pig-tail without fail so am your loving Brother T. P.

P.S. Don't forget the pig tail.

LOST AND FOUND.

Poor Cockney Dick had come from London
To Barton, near the Humber Ferry,
And there, as had full many a one done,
Embark'd for Hull on board the wherry.

The sea to Dick was a new sight,
Except in play-house made so clever,
Or Sadler's Wells, where, every night,
They take it out of the New River!

In angry mood it roll'd, and toss'd,
And pickled Dick; in sad quandary
Cries he, "Are people never *lost*
"In crossing of this nasty Ferry!"

"*Lost!*" echoed back the hoarse-voiced boatman,
"No, sure—they're never *lost*, for when
"A man is drown'd the corpse will float, man,
"And then 'tis always *found* again!"

SPORT-

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

THE following sporting match was made at Doncaster, to be run on Monday in the York August Meeting, 1814.—Lord Fitzwilliam's Cameleopard, by Camillus, against Mr. Watt's Altisidora, by Dick Andrews, 8st. 2lb. each, two miles, 500gs.

Newmarket Craven Meeting, 1814.—Monday, Smolensko agst Mr. Best's Tiger, 8st. 7lb. each.—Across the Flat, 200gs. h. ft.—Bets are 6 to 5 on Smolensko.

Tiger challenged Aladdin, but the Duke of York would not accept.

York Spring Meeting, 1814.—Last Day, Sweepstakes of 100gs. each, h. ft. 8st. 2lb. each.—Last mile and half.

Sir B. R. Graham's br. c. Tempest, by Hambletonian, dam by St. George.

Mr. Watt's ch. c. by Dick Andrews, dam by a Brother to Recruit.

Sir W. Maxwell's b. c. Lobo, by Eagle, out of Certhia.

SIR G. Armytage's Pope Joan, going a gallop with Tiger at Doncaster, broke a bone in the thigh, which ruptured the femoral artery, and she died soon after.

LORD Foley's Macedonian, and The Corporal, are considered inferior horses to Smolensko, notwithstanding he was beat by them at the late Newmarket Meeting.—Smolensko travelled a great deal, and was much out of condition. Sir Charles Bunbury would not have lost the race for 2000gs. The distance run by Smolensko for the 2000gs. Stakes, the Newmarket Stakes, and at Egham, was one mile only—for the Derby, one mile and a half; whilst the D. I. the course on which he was beat by Corporal and Macedonian, is two miles and a half, and the severest, perhaps, of its length, in England.——This distance many judges conceive to be out of Smolensko's length.

AT the Chippenham Races, Mr. Mills's Jesse, which won the 5gs. Sweepstakes for all ages, was claimed at 250gs. according to the conditions.—The course was well attended; among the equipages which attracted notice were those of the Marquis of Lansdown, Mr. Long and Mr. Paul Methuen (M. P.'s for the county), Mr. Estcourt, (M. P. for Devizes), the Steward; and Lady Catherine Long's. We hear that Lord Lansdown has accepted the Stewardship for the next year.

THERE was a number of good horses this year at Monmouth, and the diversion was excellent.—By the spirited exertions of a few individuals resident in the town at the period of the Jubilee, they have established a Meeting that may vie with any in the surrounding district.

As we believe it to be a fact that no branch of economy in large private establishments is more neglected, or at any rate liable to

greater

greater misconception, than that which regards the keep of horses, we consider it a duty we owe the public to insert the following memorandum, as containing a correct statement of the weekly rations allowed to the horses of a distinguished Nobleman, which are no less admired for the peculiar elegance of their mould, than famed for high condition under strong exercise.

Description of Horses.	OATS. Quantity per week.	BEANS. Quantity per week.	HAY. Quantity per week.
Carriage horses of the largest size	2 Bushels	3 quarters	1½ Truss.
Horses of the ordinary size, whether for draft or saddle	1¾ Do.	2 Do.	1¾ Do.
Horses of a smaller size ..	1½ Do.	1½ Do.	1 Do.

THE Goodwood Fox Hounds, we understand, are to be done away, the chase being an amusement in which the Duke of Richmond feels no pleasure.

MONDAY the 29th ult. being the first day of the Royal Hunt, a numerous field of sportsmen met on Tower-hill, near Swinley, where a fine deer was turned out. At first setting off he ran with great swiftness towards Bagshot, making a double back across the heath toward Winkfield-plain, down by St. Leonard's, and through the inclosure by Clewer, where he took to the Thames, near Windsor; there he would have swam across underneath the bridge, but the number of boats and bargemen turned him to the Eton side of the Thames, where he ran out with great speed through the fields to the left of Eton College; the sportsmen and hounds came over Windsor bridge. He then ran with great swiftness towards Salt-hill, and crossed the Bath road through the grounds at Bayles, towards Stoke, where he was taken in a lane, after a very good day's sport.

MONDAY the Wokey-Hole Fox-Hounds, belonging to E. W. Band, Esq. ran a most gallant fox, for two hours and five minutes, in the presence of a numerous field, who were highly gratified with the sportsmanlike manner in which the owner hunted them. The brush was taken by William Pulsford, Esq. of Wells.

ONE day this month, as two gentlemen were hunting for partridges, near Lewes, their dogs started a hare, which they shot at, but puss, by a lucky manœuvre, escaped, unhurt, and after *respectfully* presenting her posteriors, cantered off in fine style; mortified by the harmless range of their shot in this attack, they proceeded on, but had not gone far before they were summoned to another, by a terrible squeaking outcry, from the field they had just before quitted, which they readily concluded, was *the last dying speech* of poor puss, notwithstanding the gallant manner in which she had taken her leave of them; but on looking for her over the hedge, they acknowledged their error, on finding that the

the shrill cry had issued from a little cloud of dust arising from the stubble; being unable to account for this circumstance, they fired peradventure, and on approaching the spot, found, to their surprise, that they had *laid low* two mischievous combatants, who had been fiercely fighting for their existence, and in the violence of the conflict had kicked up the dust above alluded to—an overgrown *Stoat*, and a huge *Rat*, were lying dead, and in close contact on the field of battle, the former with his teeth so firmly fixed in the neck of his adversary, that force was necessarily used for their extraction. The gentlemen, delighted with the novelty of their adventure, then resumed their pursuit of the respited, but devoted covey.

On Thursday, the 7th instant, a gentleman's game-keeper, being in pursuit of his prey, in the neighbourhood of Adisham, Kent, supposed that he had discovered a buzzard, or some large bird sitting in a tree at a short distance, and instantly let fly the luckless contents of his gun, which shot a *man* in the leg, who had got into the tree for the purpose of gathering chesnuts. He was taken to the Kent and Canterbury hospital, and fortunately is not considered in any danger.

Mr. Wm. Geary, of Thorpe-house, Cambridgeshire, undertook, on Thursday, the 14th inst. to kill eighteen brace of birds in twelve hours, on the manor of Findlay. He lost the wager, not getting a sufficiency of shots to enable him to win.

Singular Combat between a Man and a Hedgehog.—W. Moore, of Loughborough, brickmaker, a few days ago, laid a wager of three shillings, that he could, with his hands fixed behind him, absolutely worry to death, with his mouth, one of these animals. He commenced his extraordinary task by prostrating himself on the ground, and with his nose fiercely assailing its prickling exterior; in a few minutes his face was covered with *claret*, as much, perhaps, as if the scientific and sturdy Crib had been his opponent, and for a time, appeared to have as little chance of conquest, as he would, in all likelihood, have had with that renowned hero; however, the brick-maker, at length, with his nasal *bowsprit*, succeeded in pressing the little quadruped, till its *chevaux-de-frise* rather gave way, and partly unclosed, when, like a fury, he snatched at its head, bit it completely off, and thereby won his wager, to the no small amusement of several of his comrades, who witnessed the brutal *rencontre!*

A very fine woodcock was shot on the 20th ult. by Mr. R. Wish, of Broadclist, near Exeter.

Boxing.—At Tewkesbury fair, on the 11th October, a young man, of the name of Clarke, a tanner, in the neighbourhood, of some notoriety in the *fancy*, challenged in the most public way to fight any man in the counties of Gloucester and Worcester, but no person present had stomach sufficient to accept the challenge; this unaccountable circumstance, joined to that of his being a very powerful athletic young man, induced Clarke to imagine he might insult every man who, from a diminutive size or other cause, was unable or unwilling to cope with him, but his behaviour

haviour at the market at Tewkesbury, on the 20th, was so flagrantly insulting and abusive, that a pigkiller, of the name of Boulter, came forward to fight the mighty champion for 5l. on the Saturday following, and whilst the articles were being drawn up, a trifling altercation ensued between the parties, and Clarke hit Boulter a severe open-handed blow on the face, although he was sitting; on this Boulter, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, seven o'clock at night, and that he was intoxicated, set to, and fought his antagonist most manfully during sixteen rounds, in the gateway of the Cross-keys Inn, when, through the interference of the magistracy, the contest was put an end to without either being victor, or either enjoying any particular advantage. Clarke is six feet high, young, very muscular, and well made, but has never yet been tried; he has but little science, and had he a scientific antagonist he must have been terribly marked, being not the least up to the art of *stopping*. Boulter is also a well-made fellow, considered quite a match for the other, although much the shortest and lightest man, and has much disadvantage in point of age. Clarke was ably seconded by Joe Smith, with Abrahams the fighting Jew, for a bottle-holder. Boulter was not fortunate enough to have so experienced abetters. A second meeting of the parties is early anticipated, and bets are at present even.

A very severe battle of two hours duration was fought on Saturday, the 16th inst. in Appleton Meadows, near the village of Appleton, Herts, betwixt Geo. Coles, a coachman, and Christopher Abbot, who had acquired a knowledge of setting to of Richmond the black. The combatants were twelve-stone men, and not a round closed but was stubbornly contested.—Abbot gave much punishment by strait left-handed hits at the head, and although he met many hard blows, yet he availed himself of science, and won by blinding his adversary in one hundred rounds.

At the late Doncaster Races, amidst the bustle occasioned by the race, and when the honesty of sportsmen and would-be sportsmen was on the very test, black Richmond, the pugilist, appeared, and informed the company he had got a *gemman* from London, who would fight any countryman; and this vaunting brought out a champion of Yorkshire, Shenton, a Sheffield man, who was pitted against him. Richmond's man was Joel King, who fought a good battle, and was beat by Power on Moulsey-hurst. A roped ring was formed in a paddock, where Johnson and Ryan formerly fought, and which was well enough fortified to command an admission of 5s. each, to be gratified with the exhibition. The battle lasted thirty-five minutes, in which the Yorkshireman had no chance. King shewed him the difference between London science and country obstinacy.

A boxing match between Alexander, the gamekeeper, and Painter, the Lancashire pugilist, was finally made on Tuesday evening, the 19th inst. at Gregson's, for sixty guineas, to fight betwixt the 19th and 27th of November, in an open ring, half-minute time.

Molineaux, the black, passing through Chester, heard that Carter, who, accompanied by Fuller, exhibited their talents at the races there, had boasted that he could *mill*

mill the black; Molineaux thereupon left the following letter to be delivered to Carter:—

MR. CARTER.

Sir—I have heard at Chestre that you have chalenged to fight me and likewise have heard you have been very hill, but still I will not reseve a chalenge from you or anay Other man in Englan Except Cribb, therefore I will Eather fight you in your hown Contry or in the borders of London for One Hundred and Fifty guines and not Hunder and as much more as you think proper.—I am, Sir, Molinex.

Chester, Oct. 17, 1813.

On Friday there was a sparring match in the Salutation Hall, between Captain Barclay and Fuller, a famous bruiser from London. The Captain, we understand, was decidedly superior to his opponent, who received a pretty smart drubbing. A sum of money was collected for him among the spectators.—(*Perth Courier.*)

Single-Stick Match, at Shepton Mallet, Somerset, for Forty Guineas.—The lovers of this manly and scientific diversion were gratified beyond their most sanguine expectations by the play at Shepton-Mallet, on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 5th and 6th instant, between the Wedmore and Polden-hill men. The skilful manner in which the gamesters contended for their respective prizes, did them the highest credit: and never did men play with more science, boldness, and good humour. The amusement was conducted by the patrons of the sport with rigid impartiality; and although the crowd was greater than ever remembered in that town, the utmost order and regularity prevailed. The stage and galleries were quite appropriate to the business intended, and although crowded in the extreme, not the most trifling accident occurred. The public ordinaries at the Bell and Black Swan Inns, on each day, did great credit to the spirit of the proprietors, who spared neither pains nor expence on the occasion.

On Monday, the 4th instant, a silver cup for the best prize, and half a dozen silver spoons for the second, were rung for at Wragby, near Wakefield, by the ringers of Darton, Horbury, Darfield, Royston, Wath, and Huddersfield, when the judges allowed the first prize to the ringers of Wath, and the second to those of Royston—the ringers of Birstall entered, but were not allowed to contend for the prizes from a mistake they made.

A Chess Club is recently established at Ipswich, which is held at the Waggon and Horses Inn once a fortnight, and which having for its object the extension of the knowledge of that pleasing and scientific game, is calculated to afford considerable pleasure to the amateurs of that amusement.

Curious Bet.—The following curious wager was performed lately, at the Patent Cask Manufactory, Fulham:—Sixteen men, by the help of machinery, undertook to make *three hundred pickle barrels,* to hold 32 gallons each, in 15 hours! The wager was won in *three hours and three quarters* within the given time, besides four barrels over the number.

The park of Mrs. Pochin, of Bosworth Park House, in Leicestershire, was lately robbed of some of

of its fattest bucks, but in consequence of the great reward offered, the depredators have been detected. They sold the carcases to a Leicester butcher, who retailed out this fine venison during the race week, at ten-pence per pound.

CAUTION.—On the 17th ult. four people of the town of Wem, were convicted by William Wicksteed, Esq. in the mitigated penalty of 10l. each, for *aiding and assisting* in taking game without having a certificate. Any game-keeper coursing, shooting, or pursuing game without the bounds specified in his certificate, is liable to the penalty of 20l. Any person going out as a beater, or any ways concerned as an assistant in coursing or pursuing game, is liable to the same penalty.

THE Emperor of Morocco, in return for the horses and superb harness, together with some curious howitzers, sent some time ago, as a present from the Prince Regent, has sent to his Royal Highness a majestic lion and two beautiful Arabian horses, which have arrived at Portsmouth.

CAPTAIN Iley, of the brig Dolphin, of Maryport, Cumberland, has a water spaniel, which, in this particular, may rival *Pug* himself. When at sea, during the hot weather, last summer, this animal having observed the seamen go with their vessels to the water casks, without any training, it took its tin in its mouth, and went to the casks for its allowance, which it received, and has ever since continued the practice.

DURING the late siege of St. Sebastian, in Spain, a Newfoundland dog was found by the side of his deceased master (an officer of the Royals), three days after the engagement in which the officer lost his life. On the approach of a French party, employed to bury the dead, the animal shewed considerable ferocity; but, being at length pacified, he permitted the corpse to be removed, and followed it to the grave. The impressive fact was communicated to General Rey, the Governor, who instantly adopted the noble animal, and brought him to England.

LORENZO Joanne, an innkeeper at Dijon, in France, has obtained a medal, worth one hundred and fifty livres, for an invention, by means of which a person driving or leading one or two horses is enabled to stop them in a moment by pulling a small cord, and thus many fatal accidents arising from the restiveness or impetuosity of these animals will be obviated.

IN the Bombay Papers is the following account of the punishment of a criminal at Baroda, by an elephant:—The man was a slave, and two days before had murdered his master, brother to a native chieftain, named Ameer Sahib. About eleven o'clock the elephant was brought out, with only the driver on its back, surrounded by natives with bamboos in their hands. The criminal was placed three yards behind on the ground, his legs tied by three ropes, which were fastened to a ring on the right hind leg of the animal. At every step the elephant took, it jerked him forwards, and eight or nine steps must have dislocated every limb; for they were loose and broken, when the elephant had proceeded five hundred yards. The man,

man, though covered with mud, shewed every sign of life, and seemed to be in most excruciating torments: the skin from off his back hung loose and in pieces even far behind his head! the slow motion of the elephant appeared to give him time to breathe, till the leg he is tied to moves, when he is thrown forwards. After having been tortured in this manner about an hour, he was taken outside of the town, when the elephant, which is instructed for such occasions, is backed, and puts his foot on the criminal's head.

The Maiden's Leap.—The ancient House of Ruthven, in the Highlands of Scotland, once the seat of the unfortunate Gowries, consists of two square towers, built at different times, and distinct from each other, but now joined by buildings of later date. The top of one of the towers is called "The Maiden's Leap," and received its name from the following extraordinary fact:—"A daughter of the first Earl of Gowrie was addressed by a young man of inferior rank in the neighbourhood, a frequent visitor of the family, who never would give the least countenance to his passion. His lodging was in the tower separate from that of his mistress. The lady, before the doors were shut, conveyed herself into her lover's apartment. A prying duenna acquainted the Countess, who cutting off, as she thought, all possibility of retreat, hastened to surprise them. The young lady's ears were quick; she heard the footsteps of her mother, ran to the top of the leads, and took the desperate leap of *nine feet four inches over a chasm of sixty feet deep*, and luckily alighting on the battlements of the other tower, crept into her own bed, where the astonished Countess soon afterwards found her. The fair daughter did not choose to repeat the leap, and the next night eloped and was married."

Singular Circumstance.—On Saturday morning, the 2d instant, about six o'clock, a hare, which had been put up by a dog on the western heights at Dover, was pursued by the latter from the hills into the town, and ran through one of the principal streets down to the quay, where it leaped on board a fishing smack that was lying alongside, although there were several persons on board at the time; from thence it jumped into the harbour, and the tide being up it attempted to swim to the opposite side of the Pier, but being pursued by a person in a boat, poor puss was obliged to surrender. The dog did not attempt to pursue it beyond the edge of the quay. It is supposed that the distance from where the hare was put up, to where she was taken, was upwards of two miles.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"A Lover of the Sports of the Turf," perhaps is unaware that we give every year a list of the winning horses, which, as far as regards them, answers the purpose he alludes to.—We shall be obliged to him, nevertheless, for a sight of his Index; it shall be carefully preserved, and every hint of improvement to be derived from it will be readily adopted.

The "Derby and Oaks Stakes," will be resumed in our next.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

LINES,

Written at Courtney Stacey's, Esq. at Hill Green, Stockbury, Kent, whilst the Author was Shooting there, the beginning of September, 1813.

OH! hail, ever hail, the first day of September,
For then we resume the fair sports of the field;
Whilst memory lasts, shall I ever remember,
The joys which I've felt, from the pleasures they yield.

Oft sleepless the night I have pass'd, ere the dawn
Slow waking illumin'd some favourite spot;
Where I anxiously waited the full blushing morn,
And fearful, lest others should get the first shot.

With my dogs in submissive restraint by my side,
Those faithful companions for hill, dale, or wood;
The lingering twilight, their looks seem'd to chide,
Impatient to range where they oftentimes stood.

Let indolent dreamers still press the soft bed,
From the fetters of sloth may I ever be free;
But with spirits elastic, devote the brisk tread,
Enraptured, Sol's earliest blushes to see.

'Tis then the fresh breeze, with new life I'll inhale,
As light and with ardour, the game I pursue,
O'er each bending sweep, braky copse, or deep vale,
Where frequent, the scene changes, lovely to view.

SEND ROUND THE BOWL.

By 'Anacreon' Moore.

O Think not my spirits are always as light,
And as free from a pang, as they seem to you now;
Nor expect that the heart-beaming smile of to-night
Will return with to-morrow to brighten my brow;—

No, life is a waste of wearisome hours,
Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns!
And the heart that is soonest awake to the flowers,
Is always the first to be touch'd by the thorns!

But send round the bowl, and be happy awhile;
May we never meet worse in our pilgrimage here,
Than the tear that enjoyment can gild with a smile,
And the smile that compassion can turn to a tear!
The thread of our life would be dark, Heaven knows!
If it were not with friendship and love interwined:

And

And I care not how soon I may sink to repose,
When these blessings shall cease to be dear to my mind!

But they who have lov'd the fondest, the purest,
Too often have wept o'er the dream they believed:
And the heart, that has slumbered in friendship securest,
Is happy indeed if 'twas never deceiv'd!

But send round the bowl; while a relic of truth
Is in man or in woman, this pray'r shall be mine:—
That the sunshine of love may illumine our youth,
And the moonlight of friendship console our decline!

EXTRA INSTRUCTION OF A GOVERNESS TO HER PUPILS.

From Coleman's Vagaries Vindicated.

A Matron sour there was, a formal fool,
The mistress of a female boarding-school:
So much of this world's wickedness she knew,
She made her pliant pupils learn it too;
Evil reveal'd, that they might evil shun,—
And, like the watchful priestess of the sun,
Enjoin'd her virgins, morning, noon, and night,
To keep their lamp of purity a-light.

One day, she led them forth, as wont to do,
Round Walworth's rural brick-kilns, two by two,
And, as they march'd behind her awful back,
The merry chits maintained a half-quell'd clack,
Soon, to her partner, as the prattle ran,
Spake a pubescent damsel, in the van:—
'Miss! though it looks so fine, 'twill rain to-day;
I know it; for I heard a jack-ass bray:'
The other, full as weather-wise, said, 'No,
It won't, Miss! for the cock is crowing so.'
The priestess overheard;—with choler burn'd;
And, furious, on the novices she turn'd.
'Children!' she said, 'it is a thousand shames
To call such creatures by their naughty names!
Fie on such words!—I can't think where you got 'em!
Call them,—a *biddy*, and a *jacky-bottom*.'
The lecture sank in either virgin's mind;
They marvell'd much; *inquired*,—and, then, *combined*;
Gain'd new ideas, their discourse to rule,
And grew *quite learned*, ere they left the school.

MISERIES OF THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER.

RAIN comes on when just begun,
Spoils the powder in your gun;
Birds are flush'd and pointer beat,
Nothing in your bag to eat;
Gun recoils and gives a shock,
Often goes off at half cock;
Stormy wind up (patience tries)
Blows the powder in your eyes;
Pointer sets—ah! steady Fan!
Only flashes in the pan;—
Ready with fatigue to sink,
Very dry, and nought to drink;
Flint escapes from out the socket,
Not another in your pocket;
Walk some miles and make a pother
Ere you can procure another;
Come back in a surly fit;
Birds get up, you cannot hit;
Though the game is marked by you,
Hill or hedge impedes your view;
Weak and feeble as a mouse,
Five miles off a public-house;
See a man go on before,
Killing twenty brace or more;
Pointer bitch is big with whelp;
Hedge impedes—she wants your help.
Friends, at home, wish game to kill,
Ordered off by landlord's will;
Forced to traverse home again,
Disconcerted, full of pain;
Now you reach your own fire side,
Wife rebukes, and friends deride!
Full of vapour, full of spleen,
These I've witnessed,—these I've seen.

AN

AN IRISH SONG.

COME, send round the wine, and leave points of belief
To simpleton sages, and reasoning fools;
This moment's a flower too fair and too brief
To be wither'd and stain'd with the dust of the schools.
Your glass may be purple, and *mine* may be blue;
But while they are filled from the very same bowl,
The fool who would quarrel for diff'rence of hue
Deserves not the comfort they shed o'er the soul.

Shall I ask the brave soldier, who fights by my side
In the cause of mankind, if our creeds do agree?
Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried,
If he kneel not before the same altar with me?
From the heretick girl of my soul shall I fly,
To seek somewhere else a more orthodox kiss?
No! perish the hearts and the laws that would try
Truth, valour, or love, by a standard like this!

THE PIOUS MISTAKE.

ONE of our Place-mongers some time ago,
Who after many years of *aye and no*,
To serve a Premier and betray the Nation,
At length screwed out a *situation*,
Devoutly *for the first time* went
To take the Sacrament.—
He knew all forms from Levee to back stairs,
And every etiquette, *except his prayers*—
At length sedately stationed in a pew,
Upon the folk his eye around he threw,
Watched when they sat, or stood, or leaned, or bowed,
And sat, bowed, stood and leaned, pat with the crowd—
The service over, he proceeded slowly
To the Communion Table, pure and holy,
With something like a twitch he never felt,
And by a woman down demurely knelt,
To the great marvel of the Curate spare,
Who wonder'd what could bring him there—
At length the Matron rose and went away,
Sir PETER also stretched his crippled knee,
" Where's my certificate? and what's the fee?
" I prithee Mister Parson what's to pay?"
The Curate's lathy sides began to shake,
To find Sir PETER so completely lurched—
" She came not, Sir, the Sacrament to take;
" 'Tis Sunday next—*To-day* you have been *Churched*."

BALLAD,

Sung in the Afterpiece of " SHARP AND FLAT."

LET others go climb the proud hill of ambition,
On history's tablet to chisel their name:—
True happiness bows not to their definition—
Her home is not found in the bubble of fame;
Let some think the chase can give charms beyond measure,
And others with learning their moments beguile:—
My worship shall be at that fountain of pleasure,
The sweet lip of beauty adorn'd with a smile.

Let topers preside at the full merry meeting,
And boast the delights that of Bacchus are born:—
The friendship that springs from the grape is but fleeting,
A vapour of night that dissolves in the morn.
That jewel I'll seek in my life's dearest treasure,
Unfashion'd by int'rest, unsully'd with guile:—
The heart of a friend in the bosom of pleasure,
When beauty's sweet lip is adorn'd with a smile.

A SEA-

A SEA-BATHING PARTY.

(From Poetical Sketches of Scarborough.)

WHILE Caroline her glass was trimming
To see the gentlemen a swimming,
While sister Betsy sought a store
Of pretty pebbles on the shore;
And little Tommy, all astride,
Upon his cock-horse chose to ride;—
The following colloquy began
Between the ladies and a man
Who sought with all humility,
To introduce them to the Sea.
" And please your Ladyship, I beg
In my machine you'll put a leg;
A better you cannot command
Of all you see upon the strand:
While my wife, who, for many a year,
Has waited on the gentry here,
Will please you madam to a T,
As if you try her, you will see,—
Undress and dress you in a trice,
And put your ribbands all so nice,
Stick ev'ry pin into its place;—
For she has waited on her Grace,
And many a noble lady too,—
With such great quality as you.

" All this is well," Aunt Tabby said,
" You seem, my friend, to know your trade;
But while I see those ladies splashing
Pray tell me who are yonder dashing?"
—" Sir Harry and Lord John no doubt;
Like dolphins they can swim about."
—Aunt Tabby started with affright
When she beheld the horrid sight.
" The thoughts of bathing thus I hate;
Nought can be so indelicate;—
Besides a sailor, two leagues off,
May turn his glass, and spy and scoff:
And after all, I do not know
What good salt water can bestow."
—" Believe me, ma'am, a daily dip
Will rubify the cheek and lip.
If you're too fat, 'twill make you thin,
And if the bones invade the skin,
'Twill in a month their sharpness cover,
And cloth them well with flesh all over;
The sea's the mill, that people mean,
To make the old grow young again.
Ladies, the machine is ready,
My wife prepar'd, the black horse steady;
Old Careful will the beast bestride,
And be your La'ship's Honour's guide.
O how delighted you will be
When you are splashing in the Sea;
And if to me you'll trust your Master,
I'll bear him safe from all disaster."

" Well then," said Madam Pusleton,
" Of the sea party I'll be one:
The girls shall also take their places;
And in its waves may wash their faces."

Tabby exclaim'd, " If you should please
To play such silly freaks as these,
Why wives may take these liberties.
But, sister, sure 'twill not be wise,
To let the girls employ their eyes
On such strange sights as they may see,
Not fit for either them or me."

" La, Aunt," the smiling misses cried,
" We're, surely, not to be denied,
To do whate'er mamma may do,
For we hope to be married too,
And so, Aunt Tabby, so do you."

Thus the old maid outvoted stood
And watch'd the ebbings of the flood;
But did not like to stand alone
When all the rest of them were gone:
So bribed the dame of a machine
To let her sit awhile within.

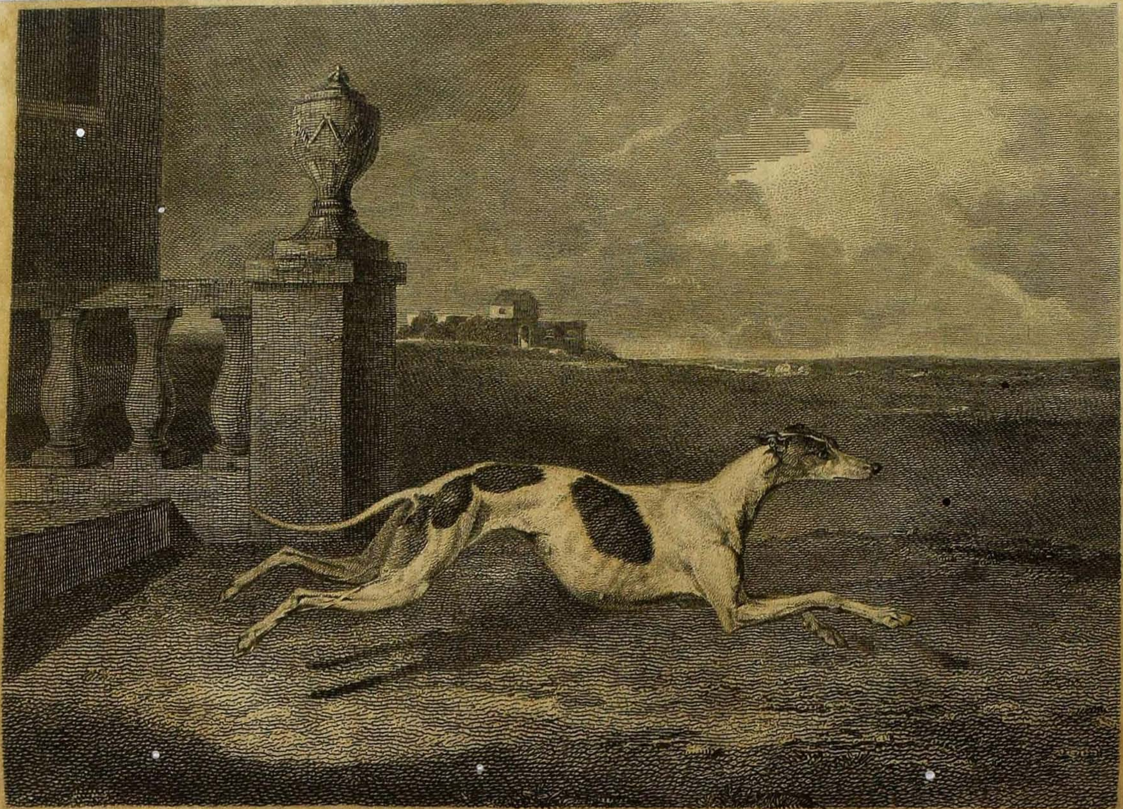
LINES

On Rainer's refusing to give up the late Match, when importuned by his Father with tears in his eyes to do so; as set forth in the Statement of Mr. Pain and the other Umpire.—(See page 3, of the present Number.)

WHEN lately the Butcher had walk'd for some hours,
A storm bursting, delug'd the plain:
And a *Rainer*, whose tears then were falling in *show'rs*,
Advis'd him to stop for the *rain*.

But still the Pedestrian kept on, they say,
And scorn'd to the last to complain;
Till weak and exhausted, he fainted away—
So much for the *pleasure* of PAIN.

'Tis acknowledg'd the tramper was staunch to the last,
And shew'd to the bottom he'd *game*:
But still, tho' his courage can ne'er be surpass'd,
His account must appear rather *lame*.



GIG

Scott Sc.